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From the Athenæum.

THE WATER-CURE—AGAIN.

Graefenberg; or, a True Report of the Water-Cure. By ROBERT HAY GRAHAM, M.D. Longman.

THERE is, perhaps, scarcely in the range of human inquiry a more difficult investigation than that which consists in tracing the relation of cause and effect, between the cure of a disease and the administration of a remedy. Precisely as a man becomes deeply acquainted with the laws of human physiology and the action of external agents upon the body, does he become careful of ascribing the cure of disease to particular remedies; and it is alone in the practice of the most skilful and learned physicians that we find little or no recourse to particular or favorite remedies. Every case of disease is to them a new study, and it is treated, not by rote, but upon principles derived from a large observation of facts. In proportion as men want knowledge, do they vaunt particular remedies for all diseases; and we may add, that it is just in proportion as the public are ignorant, that they believe in such pretenders. Were not the evils of quackery and empiricism so great as to demand sympathy for those who are their victims, we should even feel inclined to pass

by without notice the popular delusions of the day. But the reading this book of Dr. Graham's has impressed us with the fact that we have a public duty to perform towards our countrymen and countrywomen, and that we ought, as opportunity occurs, to warn them of the folly and danger of running after the popular remedies of the day.

The author of this volume is a physician practising in London, and who, having to place a son at school at Dresden, and being likewise a martyr to the gout, took the opportunity of paying a visit to Priessnitz in Graefenberg, for the purpose of trying the effects of the Water-cure on his own case. He, at any rate, by thus going to Silesia, and afterwards submitting himself to this cure, proved that he had no prejudice against the system. He thus describes the genius of the Water-cure:—

"Vincent Priessnitz, aged about 42, middle size, broad chest, well built, erect, enters the room with a short, light, active step. * * His manners and attitude are studied and constrained, from having practised the habit of compressing his lips, and, if standing, of planting his body in a fixed and firm position, especially when giving directions to his patients, or listening to their inquiries. His answers are always short, and frequently obscure. If the patients trouble him with much questioning as to the rationale of his treatment, or the nature

of their complaints, they are generally dismissed with a bow. Never was the *ipse dixit* of Aristotle considered more conclusive than the answers of Priessnitz. Their very obscurity carries with it the notion of a mysterious revelation, and is by many superstitiously considered a proof of inspiration. * * Whilst giving his advice, he frequently predicts events, which for the most part are sufficiently remote as to the cure, but more at hand as to the effects of the treatment. He is sometimes correct in the former, and, from long experience, seldom errs in the latter. This foretelling of events has acquired for him an immense reputation amongst his imaginative countrymen, and led to that absurd belief that 'he can see into the human body as if it were made of glass;' and so fully are they persuaded of it, that the phrase is of constant recurrence, and in every one's mouth at Graefenberg. By this intuitive faculty, he affects a knowledge of not only those diseases which already exist, but of those also which are latent, or have not yet manifested themselves. * * In giving his directions he seldom assigns a reason; neither does he inform them how long any part of the treatment is to be continued; but leaves them, on this most important point, as well as on every other, entirely in the dark."

Although the author had not, from the first, any favorable impression of Priessnitz himself, he had yet read sufficiently of the works of the English physicians, Floyer, Baynard, Smith, Sheyne, and Currie, upon the use of cold water, to believe that it might be of service in many diseases. He accordingly submitted to Priessnitz in the hope that his own case might be one in which it would afford relief. It, however, failed, and he nearly forfeited his life for his temerity. During his stay, he made notes of all the cases he conveniently could; and the result was, that although many went away cured, there were others who were not at all benefited; and that some were manifestly killed by the treatment. One of these cases, which he has given at length, he alludes to in the commencement of the volume:—

"The day after Miss S. S.'s decease, Captain Wolff invited me to accompany him to the house where she died. On the sheet being removed from her face, I was surprised at beholding her surpassing loveliness. * * Little did I suppose, whilst contemplating this heart-rending picture, that in the same room I myself should be reduced to the verge of life! Lying on a straw pallet, her hair dishevelled, large boils on the palms of her hands, to which the wet rags were still adhering, the room scantily furnished, cold, and comfortless, an involuntary shudder came over me! Suspecting that she died a victim to the 'water-cure,' I took the pains to make myself thoroughly acquainted with her case, and partly with this view went afterwards to lodge in the same house."

There is something really comfortable in the idea of dying in a warm dry bed after this. Few who read this young lady's case, and know anything of medicine, can doubt that she was killed by the water treatment, and lost in her last moments for the want of any knowledge, on the part of Priessnitz, of the most ordinary resources of the

healing art. But this is not all: this man adds brutality to his ignorance, and can make the delicacy of a young female whom his own ignorance had just sent to a premature tomb, a subject of merriment:—

"At a subsequent period, when my friend Captain Wolff informed Priessnitz that it was decidedly my opinion she died from congestion, induced by the treatment, especially the moist sheet, he shrugged his shoulders, and replied that 'something gave way in her inside, which caused death. That it was his practice to judge of the inside by the skin, but that he was restricted in his observations in her case, and therefore could not tell what was going on within-side.' He then mimicked the tone of her voice, and her retiring modesty, when he once attempted to remove her bathing-dress. He afterwards ridiculed the English ladies for using bathing-dresses at all, so different from the custom of his own countrywomen. And all this was said and done with a sort of acting or imitating their manners, highly amusing to his hearers, who burst out into repeated shouts of laughter. Such is the great, the immortal Priessnitz! *Proh pudor!*"

Dr. Graham devotes more than half of his book to an exposition of his views of the action of cold water on the system, and an appendix, containing abundant proof that all that is really valuable in the Water-cure, has been long known to the intelligent practitioners of medicine in our own country. The only thing original about Priessnitz is his theory of disease, which, being founded on the mere assumptions of a man who knows nothing of science, is a manifest absurdity.

RUSSIA AND PERSIA.—The Russian journals publish the copy of a convention concluded at Teheran on the 3rd of July, 1844, between the Courts of Russia and Persia. According to the first article the subjects of the two powers cannot hereafter pass from one country to the other without passports. Every individual passing from one country to the other without a passport shall be arrested and delivered up to the proper authority.

THE *Madras Spectator*, Sept. 20, states, on the authority of private letters, that the health of the troops in China is very melancholy. The 98th had 260 men in hospital on the 30th of July. Should the prevailing sickness continue, the commander-in-chief had resolved to send the whole of the troops to sea.

THE *Paris Globe* announces, on the authority of its Vienna correspondent, that the hereditary states of Austria would not accede, at least for some years, to the Zollverein.

THE *Rhenish Observer* announces that the Duke of Bordeaux is about to proceed to Bohemia, to hunt on the estate of the Prince de Rohan. It was remarked that he had become extremely corpulent, and bore the appearance of a person of forty years of age, rather than that of a young man of twenty-four.

IN his last visit to the Exhibition of Industry, at Berlin, the King of Prussia purchased a beautiful piano-forte as a present to the young Sultan.

From Chambers' Journal.

WARLIKE TALK.

It is partly amusing and partly alarming to hear men and newspapers from time to time breaking out into warlike talk whenever any trifling difference arises between the diplomatists of our country and those of France and America. To do our country justice, it is not so much given to the bellicose spirit as either France or America; yet there is enough of this style of feeling about us to merit notice, and the words "national honor," "insult to the British flag," "ample redress," still occur with sufficient frequency to show that we are not wholly free from the atrocious disposition to war. In the very eagerness to keep up a large military establishment, merely lest it be needed, there is something to create uneasiness in a well-disposed mind, showing, as it does, that inclination to anticipate wrong which so often leads to wrong being given. Perhaps much of this warlike bravado is owing to the ignorance of war and all its woes, which must now be the condition of a large part of our nation. The men under five-and-thirty form a considerable portion of the energetic part of our population, and all of these can know nothing of war except from hearsay, because there has been peace ever since they were babies. It may therefore be, that many of those men on whom public movements depend, are reckless in courting the hostility of other countries, merely from false notions of what war is, what its effects are upon national progress, and the possibility of ending it when it proves inconvenient. Happening to be just old enough to have some recollections of the last war, it occurs to me that I shall probably be doing some good service if I detail these for the instruction of men somewhat my juniors.

The most conspicuous external feature of the wartime was of course the vast quantity of what is not inexpressively called soldiering. Bodies of military, regular and local, met the eye everywhere, and no spectacles attracted more attention than reviews, consecrations of colors, (a profanity still practised, but at which men a few years hence must be astounded merely to think that it ever existed,) and illuminations for victories. So prevalent were these things, that even the sports of children took a character from them, and mimic regiments with wooden swords, paper caps, and toy drums, were to be seen in the neighborhood of every school. Such shows were, in a sense, only shows, but can we doubt that they engaged the time, feelings, and even intellectual energies of the people, to the neglect of things more important? A large proportion of the able-bodied men of the country were at that time obliged to bear arms; either they were constrained by a regard to public opinion, or a sense of the necessities of their country, to become volunteers, or they were compelled by law to appear in corps of local mili-

tia. Thus so far was their attention diverted from their business, and by so much was the country of course impoverished. Rich men, indeed, could obtain exemption from the latter kind of service by purchasing the services of a substitute of humbler rank; but this poor men could not afford, and they were therefore forced, when the lot fell upon them, to take up arms, to the desertion of their wives and children, and the abandonment of their ordinary calling. One also occasionally heard of the press-gang going about, and forcing merchant-mariners on board war-vessels, service in which was only a few years before considered as a fit punishment for unruly members of society and a minor class of malefactors.

My boyhood was spent in a small provincial town. I there saw three hundred of the men of a small district every year do duty for a month as soldiers. Recruiting parties paid us frequent visits, and went about inveigling thoughtless young men into the army, to the infinite distress of the parents whom they were deserting. In the latter years of the war, when there was a great need for men, high bounties were given for recruits; and we would then see poor youths giving up their liberty and an honest calling for ten or twelve pounds, the most of which sum, or the whole, would probably be dissipated in one debauch before they had once returned to their sober senses. In brief time these youths went abroad to enter into active service, and we were perpetually hearing of casualties more or less fatal befalling them. But the mere loss of so many individuals, and the grief which the loss occasioned in particular circles, were not the sole evils of the case. The more serious consequences were seen in the poverty induced in families by the absence or loss of the members most capable of gaining bread, and in the sadder class of evils which often befall young families left without parental protection. I distinctly remember hardships thus endured by humble families, such as are not now experienced from the same causes in the same departments of society. And when it so happened that a man returned from military service to the bosom of his family, it was too often found that he was not in any respect improved by his absence.

In August, 1811, when nine years of age, I visited Edinburgh for the first time: it was also the first time I had ever seen a large town. Walking along the streets, and before I had as yet been taken to any house, I observed a large crowd proceeding along the High Street. On narrow inspection it proved to be a troop of French prisoners—poor miserable-looking wretches—who had just been debarked from a vessel in Leith Roads, and were now on their way to a prison in the castle, enclosed within a square of British soldiers. I followed them with my friends to the esplanade on the Castle-hill, and there for the first time beheld that wonder to country boys—the sea—a beautiful estuary lying still beneath the autumn sun, and

having a series of large war-vessels suspended as it were upon its clearness,

—like painted ships
Upon a painted ocean.

This was also a sight peculiar to the time; one of great beauty certainly, but of external beauty only. Entering the castle, we quickly found our way to the place occupied by the French prisoners, a gloomy building between the square and the new barrack, having a court into which the poor men were allowed to come, like animals kept in a zoological garden, for the sake of a little fresh air. In the palisades surrounding the court was a small wicket, at which they were allowed to exhibit trinkets of their own making for sale, including hair watch-chains, hair rings, and little toys fashioned from the bones of their rations. There we saw a group of eager mustached visages gleaming out, as offers were made to them for the purchase of their wares—articles trifling as could well be, but the produce of which was nevertheless of great consequence in procuring them some small comforts to help out their prison fare. I may here remark, that it was marvellous to the people of this country how universally the knack of making such trifling articles was diffused among the French. It is of more importance to remark, that the condition of the many thousands of prisoners who were kept in this country was not the least unpleasant feature of the war-time. Their rations and accommodations were not so good as those of malefactors are now. And think of the condition of these poor helpless beings depending often upon the mere caprice of the two belligerent governments. When Napoleon was severe upon his English prisoners, or merely alleged to be so, (which was quite enough,) then the British government chose to be severe also with their prisoners. The screw suspected of being applied here, the screw was correspondingly applied there, the men always being the sufferers. Such was the uneasiness of the captives in Edinburgh castle, that in several instances they made attempts to escape through the drains which precipitately descend the rock on the outside—an adventure which seems to almost insure the most odious and most horrible of deaths. But of the miserable condition of a prisoner of war, there can be no better memorial than the *dépôt* built for them about 1813 at Auchindinny, a few miles from Edinburgh. It consists of a radiating range of wooden fabrics, in two floors, each of which designed to contain three hundred men. The arrangement for the accommodation of the three hundred was simply this. Along the floor there was a central open space about ten feet broad. On each side of this was a range of beds, placed with the feet towards the wall, and each barely wide enough to contain a human being. No arrangement for ventilation—no accommodation for day life, but in the narrow central space, or in the courtyard. Arrangements forming such an instance of practical barbarism, speak powerfully to the visitor of the horrors inseparable from war.

Having occasion at this time to be much with friends at Leith, I was surprised to hear continually of ships being detained in harbor long after they were ready to proceed upon their voyages, and of great inconvenience being thus experienced. These vessels were, in the phrase of the time, "waiting for convoy." Unable to pass through the seas alone, for fear of the enemy's ships, it

was necessary that they should remain in port until a sufficient number collected to make it worth while to grant them the protection of a war-vessel upon their voyage. It was quite an event when a set of merchant vessels at length went away in the train of some brig or schooner, for which they had lingered for several weeks. The inconvenience of this detention to all concerned, and the great additional expense which it occasioned, and which fell upon the trade, must of course have been seriously obstructive to commercial transactions. And, after all, it often happened that vessels of feeble sailing powers *lost* convoy, and were snapped up by the French privateers. But indeed the difficulties which war introduced into all departments of foreign trade were enormous. The enemy was perpetually closing up markets against us, or our markets were lost by their becoming the seats of war. At length Napoleon had the whole continent sealed up, so that it was only possible to *smuggle* goods into it. And such was the uncertainty attending this mode of traffic, that it was no surprise when one half of the merchants of Leith, the chief port in Scotland, were found one morning to have been ruined by a speculation in sugar, the article being designed for use on the continent. One of the expedients for carrying on this clandestine commerce was to furnish British ships with forged papers, establishing them as foreign bottoms, and thus enabling them to sail to inimical ports. This practice was carried to such an extent, as to be thought nothing of; it was even winked at by law. Owing, too, to the high duties required by the expenses of war, smuggling was largely practised in all the excise departments, inasmuch that the honest brewer, distiller, or candle-maker had no chance. The office of solicitor in the excise-office was then understood to be worth five thousand a year, mainly from the perquisites arising from prosecutions. The officers of the revenue were almost to a man accessible to corruption: a distiller in East Lothian, finding one particularly difficult to deal with, at length brought infamous women to assail him, and thus succeeded. The pernicious effects of all these practices upon general society could not but be very great. I distinctly recollect the lower tone of the public mind of those days. No one seemed to have an idea that there was anything wrong in improving one's circumstances at the expense of the public without any adequate return of service. All who supplied it with articles of any kind, cheated it without compunction, and were only thought "smart men" when they did this to a considerable amount. In the blundering hurry occasioned by the war, and the eagerness of the government to secure adherents, speculations of no kind were inquired into. In all these respects England does not look like the same country which it did thirty-five years ago.

It was but an unavoidable consequence of the exigencies of the war, that flogging was much in practice in the army. In the difficulty of obtaining recruits, persons of the worst character were readily accepted: indeed an idea then prevailed that the soldiery should not be too moral, and a minister actually declared it as his opinion in parliament, that "the worst men make the best soldiers." With inferior beings to be managed, humane maxims, such as now prevail in the discipline of the army would have been inapplicable. The cat-of-nine-tails was therefore continually at work. Each stroke of this instrument upon a

From the Glasgow Citizen.

A VISIT TO BERANGER.

whole place drew blood, and inflicted extreme pain; and when it had peeled off the skin, it brought away pieces of flesh, and flew about dripping with gore. Yet there was a serious general order issued in 1807, by way of a correction upon the existing system, to this effect: "It appearing to his majesty that a punishment to the extent of one thousand lashes is a *sufficient example* for any breach of military discipline, short of a capital offence; and as even that number cannot be safely inflicted at any one period, his majesty has been *graciously* pleased to express his opinion that no sentence for corporal punishment should exceed *one thousand lashes*!" An officer about this time was asked how he liked his new commander, "Oh, we like him very well," was the answer, "only he does not flog enough." Mr. Henry Marshall, who records these facts,* states that, in 1811 or 1812, he saw *thirty-two* men punished at one time in a regimental hospital on a foreign station. But the wonder is not that such severe measures were resorted to; it would have only been surprising if discipline could have been otherwise kept up. Driven to take up with bad men, and calling daily upon these to let loose their worst passions against their fellow-creatures, how was it to be expected that they should have been susceptible of regulation by gentle means? Now, the army is recruited with deliberation from a better class; the men have inducements to good behavior and faithful service; and their function is rather that of peace-keepers than exterminators. The soldiery is therefore a different thing from what it was. But can there be any reasonable doubt that, if war were renewed, similar exigencies would lead to similar results, and the barbarisms of thirty years ago be revived?

The financial considerations respecting war are important. The expense which it occasions is pure loss to the country, being so much abstracted from its productive powers. But, serious as the cost is, I consider this as after all an inferior matter to the moral consequences of war. War never can be, without retarding the intellectual and moral progress of a nation. It tends to infuse a modified depravity throughout the whole community engaged in it. Should it be our lot once more to assume a hostile attitude, then farewell for the time to all those ameliorations of our state which have been going on for thirty years: adieu to improvements in education: adieu to the advancement of all the social arts. Minds which are now in the way of contributing to the humanization of the mass at the bottom of society, would then be liable to have their energies called away to the coxcombs of military parade. Classes of men would all become harder and sterner with each other. Harsh modes of dealing with inferiors would again come into operation, and the poor would be valued only as instruments for working out the aims of a barbarous policy. Two years of such a system of things as existed during the last war, would put back the great works of peace *ten*, and two years more would reduce all the well-wishers of their race to despair. Let us, then, hear no more of these military breathings. Let us not even imagine the possibility of war. If other nations are eager to fight, reason them out of it, laugh them out of it; anything but fight them!

* Historical Sketch of Military Punishments, in United Service Magazine.

I ACCOUNT it no small honor to have enjoyed a tête-à-tête of an hour's length, with the first of the French lyrical poets—even Beranger himself, who has been well named the Burns of France, and of whom his country is as proud as is Scotland of her own immortal bard. The hope of seeing this celebrated writer formed no small item in my list of anticipated pleasures on leaving home, and amply was that hope fulfilled; for not only was I kindly welcomed by Beranger, and pressed to repeat my visit, but my translations of his songs and poems received the poet's marked approbation, expressed in a letter which he was so good as to address to me on the subject a few days afterwards. Little did I expect, as I amused an occasional idle hour in translating "*Le Violon Brisé*," "*Le Vieux Sergent*," "*Les Etoiles qui filent*," and others of Beranger's poems, that I should one day meet the good old man from whose warm heart and clear head they had emanated; and little would I have grudged my journey, had my interview with the author of these pieces been its only recompense.

After being eight or ten days in Paris, I wrote a note to Beranger, stating that I had attempted the translation of part of his works into English, and would feel honored by having an interview accorded me when it might answer his convenience to grant it. The return of post brought me a polite reply, appointing the following Monday at ten o'clock for the meeting, and regretting that he could not allow me to choose my own time, as he was obliged very soon to go into the country. When Monday came, I got into an omnibus after breakfast, and enjoyed a pleasant ride to Passy, a village on the river side, within three or four miles of Paris, and where Beranger has for some time resided. It wanted a quarter to ten when I arrived, so I had sufficient time to climb the hill on which Passy stands, and to inquire for Rue Vineuse, No. 21.—the residence of the poet. A country youth showed me the house, which is a neat little mansion of two stories, having a sort of bronze door, and the Venetian-blind-looking outside window-shutter everywhere to be met with in France. It was altogether such a dwelling as I had imagined a man of Beranger's simple taste likely to inhabit, and I felt a degree of reverence as I knocked at the gate. My summons was answered by an elderly servant-maid, who, on my desiring to see Beranger, told me to follow her up stairs, which I did, catching a glimpse, as I crossed the lobby, of a well arranged flower-garden behind the house. On reaching the top of the uppermost stair, she opened a door, and said politely, "*Entrez, monsieur, s'il vous plait*," when I at once found myself in the presence of the French bard. He rose to receive me on my entrance with the politeness so natural to his nation, and at the same time with a degree of pleasant jocularly well calculated to put a stranger at his ease, and begged me to be seated on the easy chair which he had just left. When I wished to take another seat, Beranger intercepted me, placed his hands on my shoulder, and pressed me back into his own, replying laughingly to the acknowledgment of the honor he had done me in granting me the interview—"Ah, my dear sir, don't speak of it—there's little enough honor in being received by a poor fellow of an old bachelor like me—sit

down then I beg of you." This was of course said in French, in which language all our conversation was conducted, as he scarcely understands a word of English. He then drew his seat close in front of mine, with so good-natured a look, that I felt under no more constraint than if I had known him for years. Should this meet the eye of any one who has enjoyed the privilege of intercourse with Beranger, he will recognize the poet's unaffected kindness in this little scene. Beranger's "studio" presented to the eye as little of the "pompe and circumstance" of literature, in which souls of inferior calibre are apt to please themselves, as may well be imagined. An attic room with a bow-window—a bed with plain blue check curtains at the one end of the apartment—a small table having a mahogany desk on it at the other—a couple of chairs—at most a half-a-dozen of volumes—"voilà tout"—"behold all." The first song-writer of France heeded no artificial circumstance to give interest to his name or to his residence. As he himself says of his great emperor (in the "*Souvenirs du peuple*," well translated in *Chambers' Journal* some years ago)—

"They will tell of all his glory round the hearth for many a day."

Beranger is a little man, I should say five feet five inches in height, about sixty-five years of age, of a firm make, and apparently robust and healthy. He has an intellectual forehead, regular and rather handsome features, and a clear black eye. The principal expression of his face is, I think, that of kindness and shrewdness; and I at once set him down as a man of large and noble heart, as became a poet. He wore a gray dressing-gown and a black silk cap; and the window of his room was darkened a little, so I suppose his sight is not very strong. The pictures we have of Beranger are, without exception, *bad*; the only good likeness which I could meet with being a little stucco cast, a copy of which I brought home with me, and which I shall be happy to show to any admirer of the original. But to return to our interview. Beranger expressed his regret that he could not talk much with me about the English poets, from his being unacquainted with the language, and so few of them being translated into French. He said it was remarkable that, after his own character as an author had been established for many years, his countrymen still persisted in considering him less as a poet than as a "chansonnier," (a writer of songs;) and that it was in Scotland his claim to the title of *poet* was first recognized, in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*. I told him that he was considered, by those who knew his writings in my native land, the Burns of France; to which he replied, that a prouder encomium could not be passed on him than was implied in that name; adding, that although he could not read Burns, he revered his memory from what he had heard of his works by friends who could. He had been intimate with Sir J. Mackintosh, whom he used to see often in Paris. Sir Walter Scott, Beranger does not consider a great or correct writer. He complained of the errors to be found in "*Quentin Durward*," as to the life and character of Louis XI. of France, and generally of historical blunders. He admitted, however, that his novels were grand panoramas, in which appear splendid and interesting groups, but with few characters perfectly well drawn; and he remarked, that in

all of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, the interest of the reader attaches itself naturally to some other individual rather than to the hero or heroine—which he considered a defect—instancing "*Ivanhoe*," where Rebecca is the centre of interest, &c. &c. His poetry (Sir Walter's) Beranger understood to be enchanting. He mentioned also that, of the older works of fiction, "*The Monk*," by Lewis, and "*Caleb Williams*," by Godwin, are most admired in France; he considers them both fine works. After some conversation, which I shall not here quote, in reference to living English authors, we touched upon his own poems, some of which I told him were, I thought, unfit for translation into English, owing to the subjects of them having either passed out of mind, or possessing an interest purely local. He expressed a desire that I should lend him my translations, that he might submit them to a friend of his who understands English thoroughly, and on whose opinion in literary matters he can rely; and having brought the pieces with me for that purpose, I left them with him, saying that should they meet his approbation, it might encourage me to the translation of others. On my naming the edition of his works which I possess, Beranger informed me that it was a very imperfect one, and said he regretted he had beside him only one copy of a correct edition, and that copy marked with typographical corrections of his own on the margin, but that if I would accept it, I should confer a favor on him. I told him I should value it very highly; so he wrote my name on it, and I put it into my pocket. We then talked for half an hour more, when I rose to depart, but he made me sit down again. Messages began to come in, however, so I bade him farewell, having first agreed to return in a few days to hear his opinion of my translation. He accompanied me to the stair, shook me warmly by the hand, and so we parted; and I left the amiable Beranger, whose songs will have an existence coequal with that of the language in which they are written.

Although Beranger has been little before the public of late, he still continues to write; but his present productions, as he told me, will not appear until after his death. He smiled when I replied that I hoped in that case it might be long indeed ere we should see a new song of Beranger.

It is difficult to conceive the power which this author has over the popular mind in France. There is no doubt that his "*Chansons*" had an immense influence in producing the revolution in 1830, although he does not view the existing government with approbation, and has refused everything in the shape of boon or favor at its hands. At the funeral of his friend Lafitte, not long ago, which was attended by the king and princes, the royal carriages passed onward unnoticed; but when that of Beranger appeared, a burst of acclamation welcomed the poet of the people—his horses were unyoked, and hundreds strove for the honor of drawing him in triumph; it was with difficulty he persuaded them to desist. Beranger's retirement is far from being of a cynical or misanthropic character. He seems to have sought his "chimney corner" from a desire of repose after a busy, and, latterly, not unrewarded life; and to have carried to it, in its full strength, that generous susceptibility of friendship and patriotism which breathes in all his songs. He possesses a mighty lyre, one vibration of whose chords would still rouse a kingdom to attention.

From the European Correspondent of the National Intelligencer.

Paris, November 16, 1844.

POLITICAL events are few; nothing produces a sensation; Spanish constitutional reform, Spanish conspiracies, trials, military havoc, have, like Irish affairs, fatigued this public, if not all the rest of Europe. Your elections in reference to the presidency seem to awaken more concern and discussion. On the same day, this week, the *Journal des Débats* proved in an editorial article that Mr. Clay must be elected, and the *National* that Mr. Polk would necessarily triumph. *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, issued yesterday, concurs in opinion, though not in wishes, with the *National*. Droll mistakes in the history of the canvass and of the parties and their chiefs are committed by all our oracles. We have been chiefly occupied with the weather of the fortnight past—high winds, heavy rains, which have denuded the groves of the gardens and the Champs Elysées; yet no frost, a very mild temperature. Destructive storms have raged along the coast from the channel to the Mediterranean: you will see dismal accounts of the effects of inundations and tempests in the north of Italy. Our court was never less animated and assailed than at present: there will be no bustle of business or festivity until the Duke d'Aumale shall have returned with his bride from Italy, and the chambers commence their session, probably a long one. Louis Philippe flags not at all; the cabinet is easy and confident, whereat the opposition are sufficiently vexed. We are exceedingly pleased with the accomplishment of Mr. Cushing's mission to China. The *London Times* of the 13th instant deals liberally enough with the event, and adds sensible remarks on treaties and transactions in general with the Chinese. It is authentically stated that an invention like the Daguerreotype was known to the Chinese several centuries ago. The financial world is engrossed by the new loan of two hundred millions of francs, advertised by the French Minister of Finance. It must go to the bankers, one of whom observed to me last month that the French people were too poor and timid for a general subscription. The various branches of domestic industry, the railroads, and mortgages absorb French general capital. Britons of every degree, and Irish with small competences, are flocking to this capital to enjoy the climate and fare until the month of June.

Notes of preparation for the English plays to be performed in the beautiful Italian opera house are sounded in the journals. Macready cannot complain of being neglected in the puffs preliminary. His fresh American laurels are not forgotten. Our fellow-citizens do not multiply as visitors in any proportion to the other foreigners. We see, however, a few worthy of the best greeting. Dr. Bowring has played the lion in this capital for eight or ten days; for additional eclat, the paragraphists assign to him momentous errands about tariffs, quarantines, factory labor, and so forth. The doctor has not the ear of the house of commons; that body treat him, at times, with peculiar disparagement. Perhaps, after all, the best criterion of man's value is the estimate made of him by the mass, or at least the intelligent and enlightened of those who act or have acted in the same sphere with him for a certain length of time. Abd-el-Kader is not yet caught, and the latest advices from Algeria leave it in doubt where the dauntless Emir moved. Marshal

Bugeaud, in his long despatches dated at the end of last month, claims profitable victories over the Kabyles, with these confessions:—

"It is impossible to find in the whole of these mountains anything more difficult than the places in which the insurgents, or rather the unsubmitted tribes, had placed themselves. The struggle here, however, is as much moral as physical. The least hesitation, the slightest appearance of failure, suffices to revive the hopes of the Arabs; they eagerly send emissaries to all parts to spread the news of our having been beaten, or retreated before them. Such news, however false or grossly exaggerated, excites the tribes who have not given in their submission, and makes those waver who have pledged their faith to us. Had it not been for the horrible difficulties of the country, we should have made many prisoners, but we were not able to take one. At the moment when we were on the point of securing a whole group, they dashed down into the deep ravines cloaked with brushwood, and disappeared from sight. The field of battle is an admirable representation of chaos. Although the battle lasted only two hours, it cost me the rest of the day to collect all my men again. We have not killed more than from 150 to 200 of the Kabyles."

The *Journal des Débats* and the *National* of this morning discuss amply O'Connell's new and long letter, wherein he abandons federalism, to which he so recently rallied. To the right about face, they both say, is his rule whenever he deems tergiversation expedient. Both journals pronounce him insincere whether as to federalism or repeal. The *Débats* thinks that the worst scourge for Ireland would be the kind of independence which the *Liberator* now preaches. "We may be culpable," adds the *Débats*, "but we frankly acknowledge that we do not in the least admire the O'Connell comedy." The *National* regards as a failure his experiment of cajoling or conciliating the Irish Protestants and Presbyterians by an intermission of energy and a modification of system or scheme; he has found, too, that the British whigs resisted his federalism even more earnestly than his simple repealism. The republicanism editor deems the latter cause seriously injured by the temporary defection of the mighty chief. In restricting himself to legal means, in inculcating loyalty to the crown, he is both strong and weak: civil war and revolution, quoth the *National*, must come at last, whatever he and the English whigs hope or do. He has awakened passions, marshalled hosts, cleared the way, and when he quits the stage the struggle for real absolute independence will begin at once. You will see that the chamber of representatives in Holland persevere in their demand for constitutional reform; the old despotism in Denmark shakes under similar calls and dispositions. These are symptoms. The judicial proceedings at Madrid, in the case of the Prim conspiracy, belong to the middle ages. Prim is scarcely to be pitied in himself: in raising the standard against Espartero, he sacrificed his ostensible cause and his country. Narvaez and his confederates appear to be strong and triumphant in all their enterprises; yet, the consolidation of their rule and projects is impossible. At a late meeting of the Dublin Repeal Association there were cries of order, and kick him out; the uproar in Spain is similar. If the powers of the day escape assassination or massacre, they will be seen ere long in France and England, heaved or

hunted forth with utter loss of political repute on every score. King Stork will follow King Log, the epithet bestowed on Espartero. In the United States you reproach and abuse each other during the election pother; but what a distinction and felicity yours in never using, in not being obliged to use the means of the European monarchies—espionage, arbitrary violence, treacherous intrigue and instigation; domiciliary visits, police inquisition; plot and counterplot; imprisonments, banishments, insurrections, judicial murders, summary executions; perpetual distrusts between government and people.

THE HON. WILLIAM PRESCOTT.

Or the individual whose death was commemorated in the annexed paragraph from the Boston Courier, how enviable the praise, that having the hero of Bunker Hill for father, and the Historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of the Conquest of Mexico for a son, he lived himself worthily of such a progenitor and such a descendant.—*N. Y. American*.

It is with a deep regret that we learn that Hon. William Prescott died at his residence in this city on Sunday morning. He was apparently in his usual health, at breakfast; but soon after complained of oppression in the region of the heart, and fell instantly dead. He was a graduate of the class of 1783, (Harvard,) and we presume was about 80 years of age. Judge Prescott has filled many public offices with distinguished honor to himself and advantage to the public, and was a lawyer of profound erudition. He retained his mental and physical powers unimpaired to the last. His father was the commander of the American troop at the battle of Bunker Hill, and his son the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella.

BOSTON, 11 Dec., 1844.

In the Supreme J. Court, the Hon. Daniel Webster, in a very solemn and profoundly impressive manner, addressed the bench in relation to the death of Mr. Prescott. He said he rose to perform a duty of a kind new to him in that place, and as sad as it was new. He rose, at the request and by the authority of the bar of the county of Suffolk, to communicate to the court its proceedings upon the recent mournful occurrence. The oldest member of that bar was no more. William Prescott had departed this life. He died suddenly on Sunday morning, the 8th instant, in his own house, and in the bosom of his family, without ailment, without loss of faculties, without mental aberration, and at the age of 82. The objects upon which his eyes were fixed before they were closed to be opened no more, were the objects nearest and dearest in his affections. He could not have hoped or prayed for a more happy termination of life. His body was unracked by pain, his mind was clear, and not unimpaired of that state of change which was approaching, and he submitted to the will of his Creator with cheerfulness and trust.

Mr. Webster, in conclusion, stated that Mr. Prescott retired from the practice of the bar in 1828, and alluded to the brief period which he held the office of Judge. As a member of the bar, he said it would be doing injustice to nobody to say that he stood at its head for learning, when he was a member of it; and the bar now deeply felt the magnitude of the loss they had sustained, and the duty of communicating their sense of the loss,

through the medium of some resolutions which were unanimously adopted on Tuesday, had devolved on him. Mr. Webster now read the following preamble and resolutions:—

Resolved, That the members of this bar have heard, with sincere sorrow, of a recent mournful event which strikes from the head of their roll a name which they had long been accustomed to venerate.

Resolved, That the late William Prescott, whose sudden decease, at a good old age, calls forth this tribute of respect, presented to his associates, throughout a long life, whether at the bar, or on the bench, or in the dignified retirement of his late years, such an eminent example of modest talent, substantial learning, and unpretending wisdom, with affable manners, strong social affections, absolute fidelity in every relation of life, and probity beyond the slightest suspicion of reproach, as rarely adorns even the highest walks of professional excellence. Concerning whom may it be more appropriately asked than of him,

*Cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, undaque Veritas
Quando ullum invenient parem?*

Resolved, That the members of this bar will long cherish the memory of the character of their deceased brother, as an honor to his profession, a model to themselves, and an example of virtue and excellence to all.

Resolved, therefore, That the members of this bar tender their respectful sympathies to the family of the deceased, and respectfully ask permission to attend the funeral of their late oldest associate.

Resolved, That the president and secretary of this meeting be requested to present to the family a certified copy of these proceedings.

Resolved, That the same officers also cause the proceedings of this meeting to be communicated to the Honorable the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, now in session.

JEREMIAH MASON, President.

WM. H. GARDINER, Secretary.

From the Athenæum.

The History of Oregon, California, &c. By ROBERT GREENHOW. Murray.

WE have here a national brief. Its evidence is full and far collected, adroitly arranged, and astutely put forward. Drawn especially for the instruction of a nation's ministers, it affects to furnish them with facts for the justification of pretensions, and there never was a brief surpassing it in pertinacity and hard-pressed detail. Hopelessly costly must be an advocate's intellect, who from such a mass of matter would fail to elaborate a plausible case, and barren the ingenuity of the politician who cannot here find suggestions for the inflammation of party zeal. It requires more than common immunity from prejudice to pronounce judgment on such a work. While we profess a "desire" equally strong as Mr. Greenhow's to be impartial, it will doubtless be hard to convince him that we are so, where we dissent from his arguments or arraign his assertions, especially seeing that he has already published by order of the senate of the "United States" a "Memoir of the North-west Coast of North America," with the avowed object of establishing the claim of the "States" to the possession of the "Oregon," and

that the present history is but an enlargement of the "Memoir," rendered obese by the accretion of subsequent collections of letters, state papers, and official reports. The author is candid enough to avow that he has discovered "many errors of fact as well as reasoning in his former work;" yet he proceeds with a confidence ill matched with his confession, to pronounce on the veracity of others, and his claim to require acquiescence with inferences which he draws from facts arbitrarily selected.

The British, the Russians, and the citizens of the United States are the only people that have made any settlement north of California—the fur trade has been the only inducement for these establishments—while the Spaniards have colonized and garrisoned that part of the peninsula south of the 38th degree of latitude. Each of these four nations has urged claims to the exclusive possession of the territories north of California, but definitive sovereignty over any portion has not been allowed to either, while all at times have entered into treaties with each other for the temporary use of the contested region.

California is bounded on the north by the Oregon territory, and is divided into two portions, "Upper and Lower." The Gulf of California is seven hundred miles in length, and, at its junction with the Pacific, about 100 miles in breadth. The climate is as hot and dry as that of Arabia. The peninsula is inhabited by savages, whom the Jesuits have assiduously endeavored to civilize; the population does not exceed five thousand, a small proportion only are Mexicans. Adjoining California is the "Oregon territory," whose political boundaries have not yet been defined by the consent of the parties claiming to possess it. "In the United States they are considered as embracing the whole of America west of the Rocky Mountains, from the 42nd parallel of latitude to that of 54 degrees 40 minutes." The British government have always insisted on a contraction of its limits. The region of the Columbia river is bounded on the east by the Rocky Mountains, on the south by the Snowy, which extend to the 42d parallel of latitude, on the west by the Pacific, and on the north by the Strait of Fuca, from which a ridge extends north-eastward, separating the Columbia from Fraser's river. The Columbia has its rise near the 53d degree of latitude in the Rocky Mountains, and flowing more than three hundred miles, falls into the Pacific in the latitude of 46 degrees 15 minutes. The mouth of the Columbia is the only harbor for ships on the whole coast between San Francisco and the strait of Fuca, a distance equal to that between Dover and Gibraltar. The Strait of Fuca at one time attracted considerable interest from the supposition that it might be a channel connecting the Pacific and Atlantic. The superficial extent of the western region of Oregon is forty thousand miles, but scarcely a tenth of it is fit for cultivation. The "Hudson's Bay Company" and Americans have formed settlements on the banks of the Columbia, in the valley of Willamet in the Chekelis river, and Admiralty Inlet. The climate is unfavorable to cultivation, but the pasturage in the plains and valleys is unfailing and excellent:—

"The civilized inhabitants of Oregon are, as shown in the general view, all either citizens of the United States, or servants of the Hudson's Bay Company: the latter body enjoying, by special grant, the use, exclusive of other British

subjects, of all the territories claimed by Great Britain west of the Rocky mountains, and exercising jurisdiction, in virtue of an act of parliament, over all British subjects in those territories; while the citizens of the United States are, as yet, independent of all authority or jurisdiction whatsoever. The Hudson's Bay Company's establishments in Oregon have been, until recently, devoted entirely to the collection of furs; but within a few years past, many farms have been laid out and worked, and large quantities of timber have been cut and sawed, and exported to the Sandwich Islands and to Mexico, for the benefit of the company. The settlements of the Americans are all agricultural, and are on a very small scale: more than a thousand emigrants have, however, gone to that country from the United States, during the years 1842 and 1843, of whose movements and establishments no exact accounts have been yet received."

The Hudson's Bay Company have twenty-two fortified forts. Fort Vancouver is the principal establishment: it is situated on the north bank of the Columbia, eighty miles from its mouth. Russia claims all of the Pacific coasts and islands of America north of the 54th degree of latitude, and the whole of the continent west of the 141st meridian of longitude west from Greenwich. The establishments of the Russian Company are devoted exclusively to the fur trade.

After the discovery of the Pacific by Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the search for a navigable passage between the Atlantic and Pacific engaged many enterprising navigators, but in consequence of the "treaty of the ocean," all of them necessarily Spanish, with the exception of John Cabot, an Englishman, who, disregarding papal prohibitions, carried the British flag to the American coast in 1497. Thus England was the second nation that visited the New World. Cortez directed his attention to the north-west after he subjected Mexico, and his attempts excited the efforts of many others in the same direction. These enterprising navigators pushed their discoveries so far as Cape Mendocino, in the 40th degree of latitude. Having reached so far, the Spaniards got impressed with the idea that neither wealthy nations nor navigable passage of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific were to be found north of Mexico, unless beyond the 40th parallel of latitude; united with this, they believed that the discovery of a passage would ultimately prove hurtful to Spanish interests, as it would tend to facilitate the entrance of European vessels into the Pacific. Instead of urging their discoveries farther northward, they turned their attention towards India, where the Portuguese were acquiring daily advantages. Having subjugated the Philippine Islands, and gained a footing in the East Indies, the jealousy and avarice of Spain induced her to adopt a policy of exclusiveness in her American possessions, which but served to quicken the irritation of the English. John Oxenham, the commander of a party of freebooters, was the first Englishman who entered the Pacific, which he did by crossing Panama in 1575. In 1578, Sir Francis Drake entered it through the Straits of Magellan, and explored the north-west coast as far as the 48th degree of latitude, where he was crowned sovereign of the country, which he called New Albion. Though our author places before his readers the concurrent testimony of John Davis, Sir William Marson, and Burney, that Drake had reached the

48th degree of latitude, he endeavors to nullify their evidence by a quibbling criticism of inadvertent phraseology and strained examination of possibilities. Though he calls the accounts of the Spaniards "inexact and obscure," we never find him fastidious in receiving them wherever they serve his purpose. They are quoted without balancing their consistency, and a ready excuse for their inaccuracy is found in the deficiency of their grammatical skill. But when an English account comes before him, hyper-criticism strives beyond itself, and, in spite of all collateral evidence, the author decides upon its correctness by the poise of probabilities.

The English, aroused by the discoveries of Drake, began a search for a northwest passage between the Atlantic and Pacific, which, in conjunction with Holland, they prosecuted for sixty years. In 1769 the Spaniards, De Croix and Galvez, turned their attention to the colonization of California, and numerous settlements were formed by them between San Diego and Monterey. The dispute with England about the Falkland Islands convinced the Spaniards of the necessity of occupying the vacant islands and coasts adjoining its settled provinces. In 1779 they had formed eighteen establishments between California and Mendocino, almost all military and missionary. Between 1774 and 1779 three exploring voyages were made by the order of the Spanish government. The first of these was conducted by Juan Perez, who sailed as far as the latitude of 49° 30' and there anchored in a deep bay "between two high points."

Here his vessel was immediately surrounded with canoes filled with natives, eager for traffic, and, "to the surprise of the Spaniards," possessed of many "articles of iron and copper." Perez called this bay Port San Lorenzo, and Mr. Greenhow unhesitatingly pronounces it to be the same called by Captain Cook four years subsequently, St. George's or Nootka Sound. In 1775 the expedition under Heceta and Bodega was undertaken, and on the 15th of August of the same year the former came opposite the mouth of the Columbia, but, owing to its current, could not enter. Bodega and Maurelle pushed northward as far as the 58th degree of latitude; beyond which they found it impossible to proceed. Having attempted to take possession of the country by erecting a cross, and performing other ceremonial pageantries, the Spaniards were repulsed by the natives, their crosses were indignantly torn up, and themselves obliged to pay even for water. Mr. Greenhow lays great stress on the discoveries of Bodega and Maurelle. That some additional knowledge of the coast accrued to the Spanish government from the expedition is most likely, yet Mr. Greenhow admits that "the geographical positions of the places visited by the Spanish in 1774 and 1775, were indeed left very uncertain," and he tells us that the natives resisted their attempts to take formal possession. Arteaga and Bodega were sent on another expedition in 1779, but the enterprising Cook had anticipated them by a year. The Russians were attracted to the western coasts of America, by the abundance and quality of their furs, so early as 1711. The Empress Catharine commissioned Beering and Tehirikof "to examine the coasts north and east of Kamschatka to determine whether or not they were connected with America." Beering's discoveries were most important, and Russia derived large advantage from

the expedition. While the Russians were prosecuting the fur trade in the north, the English were similarly engaged in the north-east. The cession of Canada in 1763, tended greatly to enlarge our advantages, and afforded to the Hudson's Bay Company a wide field for the prosecution of their designs. In 1766 Jonathan Carver, of Connecticut, who travelled across the continent from Boston, first discovered the source of the Oregon. Mr. Greenhow, however, denies the identity of Carver's Oregon with the Columbia, merely because his "descriptions are vague," yet winds up as if his doubts were not strong enough to satisfy himself:—

"If, under circumstances so different, we consider the head-waters of the Columbia to be the same described by Carver as the head-waters of the Oregon, we should, *a fortiori*, admit the mouth of the Columbia to be the same mouth of a river which Aguilar is said to have discovered in 1603."

In 1745, by act of Parliament, a reward of 20,000*l.* was offered for the discovery of a northwest passage through Hudson's Bay, by ships belonging to his Majesty's subjects, and in 1776, by another act, an equal reward was offered to the owners of any ship belonging to his Majesty's subjects, which should find out any passage, in any direction or parallel of latitude north of the 52d degree, between the Atlantic and Pacific. In furtherance of these resolutions Captain James Cook set out for the coast of "New Albion" in July, 1777. The application of "New Albion" to the northwest coast of America, shows, as Mr. Greenhow remarks, that Britain claims the right acquired by Drake in 1579. Cook discovered the Sandwich Islands, examined Nootka Sound, penetrated to the Arctic, and discovered that the strait which is called Beering separated the continents of Asia and America. Mr. Greenhow admits that the results of Cook's observations and accurate determining of positions, quite eclipsed those of the Spaniards in 1774-5. The fur trade was greatly advanced by the discoveries of Cook. The Russians, French, and citizens of the United States were stimulated in its prosecution, and nations and individuals vied in these attempts. In 1787, Captain Berkley, an Englishman, sailed through the Strait of Fuca, and in 1788, Mr. Meares, an English gentleman conversant with the trade, and having a good knowledge of the Pacific coasts, set out from Macao with two ships, the *Felice* and *Iphigenia*, one of which was to sail to Nootka Sound, the other to Cook's River, and thence to trade southward to Nootka. Meares had used the flag of Portugal, in order to evade the heavy port charges demanded by the Chinese from all other European nations. Having arrived at Nootka Sound, he obtained a grant from Maquinna, the chief, of a spot of ground whereon to build a house for accommodation of the people he intended to leave behind him, for which grant the chief was remunerated with a pair of pistols:—

"Upon this spot a house, sufficiently capacious to contain all the party intended to be left at the sound, was erected; a strong breastwork was thrown up around it, enclosing a considerable area of ground, which, with one piece of cannon, placed in such a manner as to command the cove and village of Nootka, formed a fortification sufficient to secure the party from any intrusion."

From Nootka, Meares sailed to the south until

he reached Cape Disappointment, the north headland of the Columbia, which river, however, Mr. Greenhow endeavors to prove was never discovered by Meares.

After the recognition of American independence, the citizens of the Union resumed their fisheries in the Pacific, and also engaged in direct trade with India and China. In 1787, the ships *Columbia* and *Washington* sailed from Boston, laden with blankets, and other articles proper for trade with the Indians, and reached Nootka Sound in the latter end of 1788. Spain was now getting uneasy at, and jealous of, the endeavors of the English and Russians in the Pacific, and began to increase its garrisons as well as its naval force at Port Soledad, in the Falkland Islands, &c. Haro and Martinez were sent to the northwest to make inquiries and examination respecting the establishments of the Russians, the result of which was a remonstrance from the court of Madrid, to which the empress returned an answer with which Spain professed itself content. The erection of a fort by Martinez on Nootka Sound, and his seizure of the *Iphigenia*, the "*North-west America*," and the *Argonaut*, led to disputes between Spain and England, which terminated in the "Nootka Convention, 1790," by which the rights of Spain and England were equalized. After the convention Vancouver was sent by the British to take possession of the lands and buildings to be surrendered by its agreement, and was instructed besides to examine the coasts of America from the 35th to the 60th parallels of latitude. Vancouver and Broughton reached the American coast in 1792, south of Mendocino, from which they sailed north, accurately examining and determining the geographical position of the most prominent points; on the 27th of April they discovered the stream between Cape Disappointment and Deception Bay, (the Columbia,) which, however, they did not enter; from thence they sailed to Fuca, where they spoke the *Columbia*, commanded by Gray, who informed them "of his having been off the mouth of a river in the latitude of 46° 10', which he was prevented by a strong outset from entering for nine days." It appears, however, that Gray did not enter this river until after he parted from Vancouver, who most probably had given him sufficient information to guide him in a more certain search. Vancouver having made an accurate survey of Admiralty Inlet, and the Strait of Fuca, proceeded to Nootka, where, finding it impossible to come to any specific agreement with Quadra, the negotiation was suspended, and Vancouver sailed southward from Nootka for the purposes of survey. On the 30th of October, 1792, Broughton entered the Columbia, and having completed its survey, took possession of it for his Britannic Majesty—

"Having every reason to believe that the subjects of no other civilized nation or state had ever entered this river before. In this opinion he was confirmed by Mr. Gray's sketch, in which it does not appear that Mr. Gray either saw or ever was within five leagues of its entrance."

On Vancouver's return from his survey, he found that the question had been amicably adjusted between the two courts. On this adjustment Mr. Greenhow dwells with the severest criticism, and though no account of the negotiation transpired, he grasps at any historical quibble to establish the exclusive possession of Spain, and England's acknowledgment of her superiority.

But if Mr. Greenhow really believed so, why does he expend so much space and anxiety in the endeavor to prove that the subsequent declaration of war between the two countries nullified the stipulations of the convention?

In 1803, Louisiana was purchased from France by the United States, with all its rights and appurtenances. Before the transfer was completed, President Jefferson commissioned Captains Lewis and Clarke to explore the Missouri to its sources, and then to trace the Columbia, Colorado, or any stream to the Pacific, with the view of discovering a practicable water communication across the continent for commerce. These two gentlemen executed their commission with efficiency and courage, and after a long and difficult expedition of nine thousand miles arrived in St. Louis on the 23d of September, 1806. Mr. Greenhow conceives this expedition to have been a political announcement to the world of America's intentions to possess herself of the regions explored, seeming to forget that he had already told us that Jefferson dispatched his agents before he received the authority or approval of Congress. But had their mission been ordered by Congress, how could the mere fact of two unarmed and unassuming individuals making an unostentatious tour be construed by a people unapprized of their commission, into a national intention, or form the basis of a national claim?

In 1811, John Jacob Astor, a citizen of the States, formed an association called the "Pacific Fur Company," whose design was to monopolize the China trade. He offered the North-west Company an interest in his enterprise, which they rejected, and immediately after took measures to forestall him. The settlement at Astoria, after encountering much difficulty, was finally upset by the war between Great Britain and America. The North-west Company had, on the first intelligence of the Astoria expedition, commissioned Mr. Thompson to explore and survey the Columbia, which he completed in 1811. Mr. Greenhow denies that Thompson arrived before the American establishments were formed. Agreeable to the treaty of Ghent, Astoria was restored to the United States, without England's admitting their right to its possession. Mr. Greenhow seems vehement in denying the fact of a reservation of right, but had he examined precedents on the matter in the histories of other nations, he would have discovered that such reservations have been expressed in a similar mode, and engagements have not suffered, nor good been impaired. The southern boundaries of the United States were fixed by the treaty of Florida, in 1819. In consequence of this treaty the Americans lay claim to the territory west of the Rocky Mountains, but England denies that Spain could give any title, inasmuch as the Nootka convention of 1790 secured to Great Britain an equality of rights. Mr. Greenhow labors hard to prove that the Nootka convention ended in the declaration of war in 1796, but evidently not having much confidence in his own demonstration, he establishes for himself a *dernier resort*, and says, that had the convention been confirmed, even in 1814, it would have been inoperative except with regard to subjects and establishments of the contracting parties. If so, may we ask what induced him to waste so much logic in endeavoring to prove that it terminated in 1796? or why (page 340) does he censure the impolicy of the indefatigable Rush, for its

introduction into the discussion? In 1820, on the motion of Mr. Floyd, a committee was appointed in the House of Representatives, to inquire into the settlements on the Pacific, and the expediency of occupying the Columbia River, from the report of which committee is drawn the conclusion "that the whole territory of America bordering upon the Pacific, from the 41st degree of latitude to the 53d, if not to the 60th, belong of right to the United States, in virtue of the purchase of Louisiana, the treaty of Florida, and the discovery of American citizens." Nearly about the same time, an Ukase was issued at St. Petersburg, declaring the whole west coast of America north of the 51st parallel, and the west coast of Asia, north of the latitude of 45° 50', to belong exclusively to Russia. Both England and the United States protested against this Ukase. A joint convention was proposed, which was rendered impossible by the declaration of President Monroe denying the right of colonization in America to any European power. This led to negotiations in London, which terminated in a convention by which a common right of occupancy was secured to the subjects of Great Britain and America for ten years. By the convention between Russia and the States, the Russians were to confine themselves north, and the Americans south of the latitude of 54° 40'. The increasing wealth and power of the Hudson's Bay Company now excited the jealousy of the Americans, and caused tedious negotiations and fierce explosions, which all ended, in 1827, in a renewal of the convention of 1818 for ten years. In 1837, the jealousy of disappointed traders again ignited, and petitions were presented to Congress, urging a definite arrangement of the Oregon question, or a military possession of the country, and the extension over it of the jurisdiction of the United States.

In 1842 the treaty agreed on between Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster, clearly defining the boundary line of the two nations from the Bay of Fundy to the Lake of the Woods, but excluding the Oregon question from it, heightened the excitement in both countries. Mr. Greenhow furnishes us with an abstract of the debates in the house of representatives, on the introduction of the question in the message of President Tyler, and, after a review of them, he tells us of the immigration of Americans into the disputed region, and the decline of the animals which produce fur; so that he thinks neither power should be solicitous for its possession on the grounds of agricultural or commercial advantage, yet in his last page he seems suspiciously anxious to exaggerate the difficulties which its possession would bring upon the British, while he is not too bashful to declare that—

"It is the unobjectionable, and indeed imperative policy of the United States, to secure the possession of those territories, in order to provide places of resort and refreshment for their numerous vessels, engaged in the trade and fishery of the Pacific, particularly as there is a prospect that they may in time be excluded from the Sandwich Islands; and also to prevent those territories from falling into the hands of any other power which might direct against their western frontiers the hordes of Indians roving through the middle and westernmost divisions of the continent."

Mr. Greenhow's book displays a dexterous allocation of circumstantial evidence; it is rich in plausible conjectures, accumulated with a surpassing patience, and teems with deductions astutely

drawn from the most attenuated premises—but the advocate's consciousness of the weakness of his cause is so visible, that we at once detect the failure, and admire the attempt. The work, however, has, no doubt, met with a welcome in its "Fatherland" sufficient to indemnify the author for any slight it may suffer in this. Nevertheless, much more politic, as well as honest, is it to admonish than to flatter national prejudices.

OLD LETTERS.

Old letters! oh then spare them—they are priceless for their age!

I love—oh how I love to see each yellow time-stained page!

They tell of joys that are no more, of hopes that long have fled:

Old letters! oh then spare them—they are sacred to the dead!

They tell of times, of happy times in years long, long gone by,

Of dear ones who have ceased to live but in the memory:

They picture many a bright, bright scene, in sunny days of yore.

Old letters! oh then spare them, for they are a priceless store!

Old am I too, and gray-haired now—deserted and alone,

And all of those I once could call my friends, alas! are gone;

Yet oft at midnight's stilly hour, in solitude's retreat,

With each one in his silent tomb, I hold communion sweet.

Old letters! here is one—the hand of youth is on its face;

Ah! that was from a brother young in some far foreign place;

A sailor boy, beloved by all, frank, open-hearted, brave—

Cold, cold and lonesome is his rest beneath the Atlantic wave.

Another, stained with dark red spots, as clasped by bloody hands,

Was found beneath a father's corse on dread Corunna's sands;

A stranger hand with kindly care conveyed the relic dear.

Old letters! ye are priceless! ye have cost a widow's tear!

Another—know I not that hand? Oh! she was bright and fair;

Too pure, too gentle, and too good, for angels long to spare

Her to this earth of grief and woe: well Death thou might'st be vain:

Thou hast not such another flower in all thy dark domain.

Oh! ye are now the only links that bind us to the past:

Sweet, sweet memorials of the days too happy for to last;

The tear-drop fills again the eye which tears had almost fled.

Old letters! ye are precious! ye are sacred to the dead!

Chambers' Journal.

From Chambers' Journal.

WHAT TO DO IN CASES OF ACCIDENT.

FRACTURED BONES.

THERE are few accidents more frequent, or more distressing in their results, than those arising from fractured bones; and none in which the attempts at relief afforded by bystanders are fraught with greater danger to the patient. When a person is seen to fall prostrate, the first impulse of the crowd is to raise him up, without stopping to inquire the nature or extent of the accident, and totally overlooking the fact, that the recumbent position is the one chosen by nature as that best adapted for the sick, the weary, and the infirm—as the only position in which they can enjoy perfect rest, without the exercise of any muscular effort. In the case of fracture of any part of the lower extremity, moving the patient from the horizontal position is productive of great mischief, and a knowledge of this simple fact would, in a majority of cases, avert the necessity of the surgeon's knife, or the patient from permanent lameness and much subsequent torture.

The writer's attention was first particularly drawn to this subject by an accident that occurred some years ago to himself. His horse fell with him, and as it happened in a principal London thoroughfare, a crowd immediately gathered round, and the first cry was, "Lift the gentleman up." Happily for him, his presence of mind had not deserted him, and he enjoined them to desist, as, being a medical man, he best knew how to proceed. In a few moments he discovered that his leg was broken, and then the consequences of being "lifted up" occurred to him in all their horror. A shutter having been procured, he directed it to be laid down at his side, and moving very cautiously, so as not to disturb the limb, soon contrived to edge himself upon it; it was then raised by four of the bystanders, and in this manner he was carried to his residence.

A few moments' consideration will convince us of the impropriety of raising the body from the ground. It may readily be conceived that, by preserving the horizontal position, if the limb be straight, encased as it is by its various muscles and integuments, the broken bone will remain in its natural situation; but that, by raising the body, (and consequently the leg,) we make a lever of the upper half of the bone, the broken point of which becomes the fulcrum, and turns at right angles with the lower half, which, having lost its continuity of support, is disposed to preserve its original posture; and that by this, although the skin may not in every case be actually torn, still there must be an approximation towards it, and that the surrounding parts must be more or less lacerated. Should the skin be torn, the simple fracture, in the language of surgery, becomes a compound one, the inconvenience to the patient more severe, and the chances of recovery considerably lessened.

The possible mischief, and consequent danger, does not rest here. One of the arteries of the limb may be wounded by a point of the fractured bone, and then the danger is much increased. The arteries gradually increase in size from the foot upwards, and above the knee unite into one trunk or main artery, any laceration of which is productive of the worst consequences. Even in the foot they are large enough, if the bleeding be permitted to continue, to produce fatal results,

although in that case time enough is generally obtained to arrest the hemorrhage. But should the thigh be fractured, and the femoral, or main artery of the limb be wounded, the flow of blood is so great, that if not immediately stopped, the patient's life may be lost in three minutes.

The femoral artery takes the course of, and runs parallel to, the thigh bone; and when that is broken, it will readily be seen how likely it is to be pierced by a spicula of bone, or one of its broken points; and this indeed frequently happens.

It now remains for us to consider what we are called upon to do in accidents of this nature. In the first place, do not attempt to alter the position from that in which the patient falls; that is, supposing the limb be not bent. Administer a glass of wine, or spirit and water, obtained from the nearest good Samaritan (and one will easily be found;) next, should the accident occur in a crowded thoroughfare, let a ring be formed, to prevent the sufferer from being pressed upon or run over. In a few moments, if his senses have been spared, he will be able to say where he is hurt, by gently moving his limbs. A shutter should now be obtained; and if he possesses sufficient nerve, it will be best, as in the writer's case, for him gradually to edge himself upon it, as he will best know what degree of motion he can bear without pain. If he is unable to do this, one of the bystanders must proceed to assist him, by supporting the injured limb.

It is necessary to observe great caution in doing this. Suppose, for instance, the limb be raised by lifting the foot, if we refer to the observations already made, we shall perceive the same consequences will occur as if the person were raised from the ground. It is therefore necessary to remember, from the first moment of the accident to the last before the cure, that in raising a broken limb, care must be taken to use both hands, the one placed below, and the other above the point of fracture, as if the limb were in two separate pieces, and but slightly held together.

It may happen that the patient is insensible, and the seat of injury not obvious. He may be suffering from compression of the brain, or concussion, or fracture of the skull or spine, or may have sustained some internal and severe injury. In such cases the worst consequences are to be apprehended, and the sufferer must be treated with the utmost tenderness. If the power of swallowing remain, (which may be known by pouring a little water into the mouth,) a little wine, or spirit and water, may invariably be given, and this is all that is necessary: great mischief often arises from doing too much. Let the patient be placed upon a litter, and carried home, or to the nearest hospital, with great care and tenderness.

To return to the case of fractured leg. Before placing the patient in bed, be careful that everything is well prepared for his reception, as he will have to remain there at least one month without moving the broken limb. It is of great importance to have the bed so hard and smooth, as to receive no impression from the weight of the body. A small French bedstead, wide enough for one person only, will be found most convenient, a lath bottom being indispensable; if this cannot be had, an ironing-board must be placed on the sacking, and on this a horse-hair mattress, covered by a blanket, over which nail down the sheet tightly on both sides.

In removing the patient from the shutter, place

it on a line, and level with the bed, and let him shift himself upon it, as we have before described. Before this removal, splints had better be applied to the limb, as it can then be supported with less pain to the fractured parts.

Fractures of the arm and forearm are in general more easily cured than those of the lower extremity, although the future freedom of the forearm depends in a great measure on the tact and talent of the surgeon. They, of course, do not involve the necessity of maintaining the recumbent position; and all that is necessary, previous to professional attendance, is, the placing the arm in a sling or half handkerchief, which should extend from the elbow to the wrist.

Setting a broken limb means nothing more than placing the fractured ends of the bone opposite each other, and retaining them there by the application of splints made of wood or mill-board. Much misapprehension prevails on this point; it is generally considered as a formidable operation, requiring to be performed as soon after the accident as possible. When the fracture happens to be a compound one, with one end of the bone perhaps protruding through the skin, it is then desirable to reduce it as soon as possible; but otherwise, it may be postponed until the bed is fully prepared for the patient's future requirements.

In closing this paper, the writer cannot help advertent to two points of great importance in the treatment of fractures, although in doing so he is aware he is trespassing beyond the limits he has prescribed for himself; they are, on the impropriety of blood-letting, and the use of cold applications, during any period of the subsequent treatment. Bleeding by some is had recourse to to *prevent* inflammation; this it will not do: and the proof is, that uniformly, the more delicate the subject, the greater is the degree of susceptibility to its attacks. But in fractures, we have really no inflammation to dread, nor blood to spare, for nature will require more than her usual supply to repair the injury sustained, and, if needlessly subtracted, the period of cure will be proportionably prolonged.

With respect to cold applications, we do not always sufficiently discriminate the nature of the complaint for which they are used. For pain arising from inflammatory action, cold is an excellent application; but for pain arising from contusion of parts, warm fomentations are by far the most soothing and efficient. It is a trite observation, that old fractures are as sensitive to atmospheric changes as the barometer. Where warmth alone has been used, the writer has never known this to occur.

ANTI-BOWING SOCIETY.

THE practice of bowing has arrived at an inconvenient degree of frequency on the continent. In Germany, a man is bound to pay this mark of so-called politeness to every one with whom he has the smallest acquaintance. A person, therefore, who moves much in what is called "society," cannot take the shortest walk in a public street or promenade, without having to go through a rather elaborate evolution some half-dozen times: he has at first to slacken his pace; when beside the person he meets, to place his hand to his hat, and *after* passing him, either to lift it from his head, or, if to a lady, to take it fairly off and put it on again. This has at length been found extremely inconven-

nient and fatiguing, and a society has recently been established at Berlin to abolish the practice, by each member entering into an agreement never to follow it. The French newspaper from which we copy the information recommends the formation of a similar association in Paris; and not without reason, for the French outdo even the Germans in the assiduity with which they practise bowing. They not only observe it amongst friends and slight acquaintances, but often towards perfect strangers. When you enter and leave a *café*, you are expected to bow; you cannot go into the humblest shop without bowing at least twice to the *femme* or *fille de boutique*; if you meet a stranger on the stairs, in a passage, or inside a public vehicle, you must bow. In country places, you are bound to bow to *every* individual you meet, because they either bow or courtesy to you. The French editor, in recommending the abatement of this custom, commences his strictures on it on æsthetic grounds. It is, he argues, a tasteless and unbecoming evolution. "Can," he asks, "there be anything more ungraceful than the movement of the arm when it is raised above the nose to touch that hideous black head-dress of beaver or of silk with which European man surmounts his visage? Can there be anything more stupid than the concave movement which he afterwards executes, hat in hand, under the plea of politeness, and which gives to the most comely figure the air of a puppet suddenly distorted by the pulling of a thread or the pressure of a spring? From considerations of art and taste, the projected reform is therefore evidently necessary. It is equally desirable in a sanitary point of view. In so often exposing your head to the elements, it may happen that a current of air or a torrent of rain may inflict a severe catarrh. Lastly, on the score of domestic economy, such frequent bowing ought to be abolished; a hat a month is almost necessary to keep up a respectable appearance, for the rim is so soon worn by the constant action to which it is subjected by the incessant succession of bows which it assists in perpetrating." Such are the facetious arguments put forth by our French contemporary to stimulate the formation of a society similar to that established at Berlin. On this side the channel no such efforts need be made. The national reserve for which we are celebrated is a bar to any more frequent bowing than is absolutely necessary to keep up that degree of sociality which outward forms contribute to preserve.—*Chambers*.

BIRKENHEAD SPECULATIONS.—The following may, I believe, be depended on. One gentleman, in a small way, has cleared £12,000 by land speculations; another assured me he had cleared £13,000 in a fortnight; a third bought some land, several years ago, for £3,000, and thought he had done exceedingly well to sell it some years after for £10,000, but his successor has actually resold the same land lately for £80,000.—*Mr. Herapath's Letter from Liverpool*.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.—The *France* says, "There are in Paris at present the heads of three of the different houses of Rothschild—namely, MM. Anselm, Salomon, and James Rothschild. Their meeting is said to have been occasioned by the approaching adjudication of the loan of 300,000,000*fr.* They were all three received on Saturday by the minister of the finances. It is said that the chief of the London house of Barings is also expected, and will also tender."

LESSON FOR LANDLORDS.

At the Abergavenny Farmers' Club, Mr. W. H. Little, of Lanvair Grange, delivered these just and forcible remarks:—

"Every agricultural meeting resounds with exhortations to the farmer to lay out his capital in the improvement of his farm, and what security has he that he shall ever reap the benefit of his own outlay? Before that distant day arrive, some needy or wily adventurer steps in and tempts avarice with an additional per centage, and he has to make room for a more servile or more profitable successor; or if he dare exercise freely and conscientiously those constitutional rights which belong to him as a citizen, is he not subjecting himself and his family to be turned adrift upon the world, at the expiration perhaps of the current year? Does he then, I ask you—does this poor victim of caprice, revenge, or of any one of the thousand passions which influence mankind—does he stand on the same level—does he possess the same rights with the man who holds in his hands the power of inflicting on him and his children such deep and irreparable injury? Of all the varied and relative duties of civilized life, there is not one of greater importance than that of landlord and tenant—important not alone to those immediately interested, but as affecting the welfare of the whole community. It is the duty of every landed proprietor to ask himself—*Am I not at this moment receiving greater rent for my land than I did fifteen or twenty years ago, or even under the depreciated currency of the late war? Are not all my own wants, my own comforts, conveniences, and luxuries to be obtained at greatly reduced rates? Am I not then receiving a double advantage, first by my increased rents, and secondly by decreased prices?* Can I, in the face of sinking markets, the result in a great degree of the policy which my government has thought proper to pursue, and which has received really or virtually my sanction—can I, in accordance with that golden precept which instructs us all to act towards others as we wish them to act towards us—can I, as a man and as a Christian, wring from my struggling tenant 'his pound of flesh, the full penalty of his bond,' whilst I call on him to expend his capital on the improvement of my estate? Am I not bound by every principle of honor and of justice, by every duty which regulates the conduct of man to man; to give him that security which his present tenure does not give him, and which shall ensure to him and his family the full benefit and advantages (if any shall arise) of his skill and enterprise? These, gentlemen, are preliminary questions which meet you on the very threshold of inquiry. The farmers have yet to learn that union is strength; if identity of interest necessarily produced unity of action, the farmers of this kingdom, from one extremity to the other, would unite as one man, to impress on their landlords the necessity of an equalization of rents, in other words, making rent and produce bear that fair proportion to each other which they ought to do, and which they do not. Disguise the fact as you please, gentlemen, *rent and tenure are the two great evils* which press like an incubus on the tenant and the laborer, reducing the former to little better than a serf, and the latter to a pauper; every feeling of humanity, policy, and even ultimately self-interest, require you to *lighten the one and give permanency to the other.* Until you do this, you look in vain for a sincere

and honest coöperation in carrying out your views. Place but the farmer in that position where he will receive a fair remuneration for the capital he employs, then will the laborer receive a fair day's wages for a fair day's work; then will capital be freely employed, and all the advantages and benefits which science has brought to light be widely and beneficially diffused amongst us. It is only by a long pull, a strong pull, and, above all, a pull all together, that we can hope to remove the heart-burnings and other burnings which afflict and disgrace our country, and to cement more closely those bonds in which all classes of a community are, or ought to be, united. (Loud cheers.)"

In the neighboring county, at a meeting of the Ross Agricultural Association, the vice-president, Mr. Higgins, of Much Pawley, spoke out in these terms:—

"The Herefordshire farmers wanted security; they wanted to reap the benefit of their industry, and their outlay. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen might put the question off as long as they liked, but he felt convinced that the agriculture of this county would never approach the improved estates in other places so long as the present system was continued. (Hear.)"—*Examiner.*

QUEEN ADELAIDE'S CHURCH AT MALTA.—The new Anglican Episcopal Church, built and endowed at Malta through the pious munificence of her Majesty the Queen Dowager, was to be consecrated yesterday, (Friday,) and will, it is understood, be appropriately dedicated to St. Paul. The island of Malta was the scene of some of St. Paul's miracles when the apostle was shipwrecked there on his way to Rome, (Acts xxviii. v. 1 to 11,) and where he says "the barbarous people showed us no little kindness; for they kindled a fire, and received us every one, because of the present rain, and because of the cold." And the apostle also tells us that the people, after they saw his miracles, "honored us with many honors; and when we departed they laden us with such things as were necessary." After the lapse of ages since the visit of the great apostle of the Gentiles, the Maltese will now again have the primitive doctrines declared unto them through the ministry of the Apostolic Church of England, introduced and founded there by the Christian benevolence and exemplary piety of Adelaide, queen dowager of England, a lady whose name will be dear to the church throughout coming ages.—*Britannia.*

I'll be a Gentleman, a Tale for Boys, by Mrs. TUTHILL. William Crosby. Boston, 1844.

WE have read this little volume through, (which we can seldom say of "editor's perquisites,") for the simple reason, that we could not disengage ourselves from its enchainning narrative. If the boys are not pleased with this story, they are much more fastidious than their immediate predecessors. The early chapters are, perhaps, too freely interspersed with their stereotype expressions. But the whole sketch is taken to the life. The narrative is happily varied, and illustrates the true features of a gentlemanly character, and the offensive aspect of a spurious and fictitious display, in a way to effect a deep impression. Parents who are cursed with sons prococious in smoking, drinking, dressing, street-walking, and other vicious accomplishments, but indifferent to true worth, may impress them with their folly by presenting them with this book.—*Christian Witness.*

From the Examiner.

MR. O'CONNELL HARKS BACK.

FEDERALISM is thrown overboard already. While poor Mr. Sharman Crawford was cudgelling his brains for a plan, Mr. O'Connell was proclaiming the bursting of the bubble:—

"This experiment has not been as yet successful; the Federalists have not come forward with any specific plan, they have made no public movement, they have effected no organization among themselves; our notions as to their plans are purely conjectural.

"It would, under such circumstances, perhaps, have been better if a perfect silence had been adopted by those who formed particular ideas of what Federalism meant, and thus opposed the creature of their own imagination."

Why did not Mr. O'Connell declare his preference of Federalism, and was it a whit more unreasonable to reject than to adopt the unexplained project? If others have opposed Federalism without knowing what it was, he, by his own showing, preferred it without knowing what it was.

Federalism is the very first thing that has ever died for want of a plan. What other bubble has lacked a presentable scheme, something to show on paper? Mr. Sharman Crawford, who is as prolific as a rabbit, either was or thought himself in labor with a scheme, but could not be delivered of it before Mr. O'Connell abandoned the thing. Mr. Porter, indeed, has given a promissory note for a plan, at some months after date, like Don Quixote's bill for ass-colts unborn, and Mr. O'Connell has Sancho Panza's confidence in the assets in due season.

The French soldiers, jealous of the distinction of the corps of engineers, and holding their scientific labors in small respect, lost no opportunity of quizzing them. It happened on a march that some of the officers of engineers fell into a deep ditch, and in answer to their cries for help and extrication, the soldiers replied, "Draw out your plan; we can do nothing without your plan. Give us your plan how to pull you out of the ditch."

The poor Federalists were in the like predicament. Those ingenious engineers, Mr. Porter and Mr. Crawford, being floundering in the ditch, Mr. O'Connell invited them to draw out their plan, in default of which he now barbarously deserts them.

There is somewhere a mill for grinding people young, which we take to be like the proposed federalism, reducing a frame to particles in order to put it together again with a more vigorous constitution.

Medea restored Æson by a federal treatment. She cut him to minced meat, put him in hot water, and boiled him up young again. This is what the Irish enchanter would do with the empire; he would cut it into parts to make the members greater *Hibernice* by making them smaller; the other cooks then propose the next stage of the process, that of putting together again, in the hot water of the federal kettle, the disjointed parts and stewing them into a new and more vigorous empire.

Pelias, the head of the Peel family, and from whom the name is derived with a corruption common to toryism, had his limbs treated in this federal fashion by his misguided daughters, who made such a hash of it that the old gentleman was so overdone that he never came out of the cauldron again.

We supply this explanation of Federalism to clear ourselves from Mr. O'Connell's charge of quarrelling with a thing without any idea of its nature, and to show that at least we had a distincter notion of what we were ridiculing than he had of what he was espousing.

Folks in search of the philosopher's stone always found that their failures had brought them nearer to success, and so it is with the Arch-Repealer, who writes in the very formula of the alchemists for such occasions:—

"*The experiment, it is true, has not as yet been successful, yet I think it has afforded grounds of confident hope and pleasing anticipation of future and complete success.*"

Union is the grand specific of Mr. O'Connell for the dissolution of the Union. "A sudden thought strikes me" (says the heroine in Canning's burlesque); "let us swear eternal friendship;" and this is the happy expedient of Mr. O'Connell to join Catholic and Protestant, whigs, radicals, and tories, orange and green, in brotherly coöperation for the Repeal of the Union. It is the man's overture to the horse, that he should lend his back to him for the purpose of expelling the stag, but with a strict proviso against any ascendancy or fixity of tenure in the saddle. In the prevailing infatuation of gullibility even such a proposal may not be unsuccessful.

Mr. O'Connell confesses that there has been a longer pause in the Repeal agitation than he anticipated, during the federal extravaganza interlude, but he fans the flame, if not in the precise words, in the spirit of this address and scene:—

Earl of Leicester. Why dimly glimmers that heroic flame,

Whose red'ning blaze by patriot spirit fed,
Should be the beacon of a kindling realm!
Can the quick current of a patriot heart,
Thus stagnate in a cold and weedy converse,
Or freeze in tideless inactivity?
No! rather let the fountain of your valor
Spring through each stream of enterprise,
Each petty channel of conducive daring,
Till the full torrent of your foaming wrath
Overwhelm the flats of sunk hostility!

Puff. There it is—followed up!

Sir W. Raleigh. No more! the freshening
breath of thy rebuke

Hath filled the swelling canvass of our souls!

And thus, though fate should cut the cable

[*All take hands.*]

Our topmast hopes, in friendship's closing line
We'll grapple with despair, and if we fall,
We'll fall in glory's wake!

Earl of L. Then are we all resolved?

All. We are—all resolved.

Earl of L. To conquer—or be free.

All. To conquer, or be free.

Earl of L. All!

All. All.

Dangle. *Nem con., egad!*

Puff. O yes, where they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful!

Earl of L. Then, let's embrace—and now—

Sneer. What the plague, is he going to pray?

Puff. Yes, hush!—in great emergencies, there is nothing like a prayer! * * *

All. Behold thy votaries submissive beg,
That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask;
Assist them to accomplish all their ends,
And sanctify whatever means they use
To gain them!

From the North British Review.

LORD JEFFREY'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Contributions to the Edinburgh Review. By FRANCIS JEFFREY, now one of the Judges of the Court of Sessions in Scotland. 4 vols. London. 1844.

THE name prefixed to these volumes would, at any time within the last forty years, have ensured for them the attention and interest of the public. The author's early celebrity and long-sustained reputation, must have rendered any effort from his pen an event in the republic of letters which a faithful historian would hasten to record. To us, who are just commencing our career of criticism, the present work comes laden with peculiar lessons and recollections; and on these we may be allowed to dwell shortly without apology to our readers. It is a service of honor and duty, as well as of gratification, to introduce our efforts in the cause of sound literature by some notice of this remarkable collection, and to consider what instruction we may derive in our self-imposed labors from the writings of the greatest living master of our art.

Other eminent writers in the Edinburgh Review have already published separately the most celebrated of their contributions. A comparison of those now before us with the essays of contemporary critics, naturally suggests itself as the most appropriate test we could use, for estimating accurately their peculiar merits in the school of composition to which they belong. But however high we may be disposed to rate them in such a contrast, it occurs to us, that it is not in that way, or under a process of discrimination so conducted, that their qualities—their best and highest qualities—can be rightly appreciated. They were not written for publication in such a shape; neither were they intended as popular writings, simply suited to catch the taste or excite the enthusiasm of the day. They were all parts of a great and gradually matured system of criticism; and the object aimed at in by far the greatest proportion of the essays before us, was not so much to produce a pleasing, or attractive, or interesting piece of writing, as to enforce great principles of thought—to scourge error, and bigotry, and dulness—to instil into the public mind a just sense of the essential requisites of taste and truth in literature—and to disperse and wear away, by constant energy, that crust of false sentiment which obscured and nearly extinguished the genius of this country, at the commencement of the present century.

None of these reviewers, certainly, wrote for separate publication; but perhaps it is only of Jeffrey that any such systematic plan can be predicated. Not only had the occasional contributors to the Review the advantage, for the most part, of choosing their own subject, and their own time, which an editor could not enjoy; but, in general,

their writings partake much more of the nature of fugitive essays than of disquisitions connected by any common object, or tending *collectively* to any specific result. Macaulay's Reviews, for instance, are not criticisms, and might often more appropriately have had men than books for their subject. They are philosophical discourses—gorgeous descriptions—picturesque reflections on history and literature; but they have seldom any claim to a place in the pages of a Review beyond the use of it as the vehicle of their communication to the public. With Jeffrey's criticisms it is altogether different. They are occupied much more with the work immediately in hand, and treat it as a subject for analysis more than as a mere text for discourse. The dissertations which occur in them are always brought directly to bear upon the peculiar task of the reviewer. No man, indeed, who reads these volumes can fail to admire the vast range of subject which this selection embraces, and the wonderful versatility which has so successfully compassed so wide a circuit of literature and philosophy. But these are not their greatest triumphs. They are to be regarded not merely as the types or indications, but as, in a great measure, the instruments of a great intellectual progress—of a change which, for its extent, might almost be called a revolution—in the tone of thought prevalent in this country both in politics and letters.

At no time in our history, perhaps, had originality or manliness of thought sunk so low as at the end of last century. On all subjects, independence of action or opinion seems to have been renounced by the great mass of the people. Men had ceased to think for themselves, either on matters of public policy, or on the lighter subjects of literature and taste. Terrified by the horrors of the French revolution, the great majority of the nation abandoned all concern about their liberty, and trusted blindly to their rulers for freedom and safety: and the universal feeling which absorbed nearly all the enthusiasm of the age, was dread and detestation of revolutionary principles. It is difficult, indeed, to look back without a smile to the childish panic which appears to have possessed the country, of which more than one indication may be found, even in the calm and philosophical pages now before us. In the crisis of the imaginary danger, everything venerable and sacred to British liberty was forgotten. Even its first principles became suspected, if a Jacobin taint could be discovered in them; and all were laid, with the confidence of infatuation, at the foot of the crown, or the minister of the day.

It cannot be denied, that however unenlightened these sentiments may now appear, they entirely occupied the minds, not merely of the majority of the houses of parliament, and of the aristocracy, but the great body of the people. On the other hand, there was another, an infinitely smaller class, whose opinions, though very different, were hardly more conducive to the health and vigor of public

feeling. These were the disciples of the French revolution—men who, looking to that great event as the harbinger of a renovated state of society, regarded the name of antiquity as equivalent to tyranny—seeing nothing august or wise in any established institution, and searching for the foundation of liberty in the dispersion of all acknowledged axioms of religion or government. There was a foppishness about these men and their opinions, which, even if they had not been distracted by the turmoil of the times, and the danger to which the minority in which they stood exposed them, was as fatal to the freedom of thought, or the generous action of the mind, as the blind zeal of their opponents. Between these two sections there stood, indeed, a middle party, which, with all its faults, kept alive the flame which has since burnt so brightly, under a leader, who may well be regarded as the impersonation of broad, manly intellect. But, great in talent, it was a band of little weight with the country. The stain of the coalition, and the personal enmity of the sovereign, had left Fox, during the remainder of his political career, without the means of public influence—a star too far removed from the political orbit, to warm by its beams, even while it dazzled by its brilliancy. It was one, and not the least of the calamities of the time, that England's greatest statesman was excluded from her service, and his vast endowments of mind, exercised for half a century in his country's service, produced no result so great, as has that legacy he left her, in the lessons of masculine philosophy, and the burning love of freedom, which breathe through the disjected remains of his eloquence, and will last while the constitution endures.

That such a state of public sentiment should have chilled and repressed all the independent efforts of genius, is not wonderful. But the poverty of the land in literature, at the time we speak of, can hardly be traced to any cause so recent. Indeed, speculations on the causes which lead to that constant ebb and flow of literary talent, which may be observed in the history of all countries, are at the best unsatisfactory. The contingencies from which they spring are generally too intricate, and their causes too remote, to admit of accurate deduction on the subject. We might theorize long and learnedly enough on the dreary interval between Pope and Cowper, without discovering any satisfactory solution of it in the state of the community, public or social, during the latter half of the eighteenth century. Looking at it in the mass, from whatever causes the result may be supposed to arise, no similar period of British history, since the age of Elizabeth, was so little respectable in learning or in fancy. The earlier portion of it, no doubt, produced Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson—names as great in their own sphere, as any of which our country can boast. Bolingbroke, their superior in power as in acquirement, was a giant of a former age. Burke, his pupil, belonged

rather to politics than literature; and his writings, ardent and enthusiastic as they were, rather served to scathe and wither up independence of spirit in the nation. The great historians, on the contrary, alike in the florid delineations of the English and the classic accuracy of the Scottish authors, are marked by an artificial coldness and indifference, which was one of the features of the time. No natural passion, no heart-born enthusiasm or forgetfulness of art, find place in their great and elaborate works. In poetry, the retrospect is still more barren. To a few, indeed, who flourished during the commencement of the period, it is impossible to deny a respectable place among British authors. Goldsmith, Gray, and Collins, were all, individually, poets of no mean order; and although none of them entitled to rank in the first, may be considered as high in the second class. But whatever their individual power or merits may be, and these cannot be denied or undervalued, they not only did not rise to the highest walks of the art, but they eminently failed in producing effect on the public taste, or stamping their genius on the character of the times. The fetters which Pope had worn so gracefully, remained as an heirloom to his poetical descendants, till all the fancy and elegance of the first master had disappeared, and nothing remained but a certain smooth and empty monotony, without music or strength, and full of exalted tropes, and insipid extravagance. This slavish adherence to the artificial rules of a school which it required all the genius of its author to reconcile with vigor or energy, completely degraded the poetry of the age. The whimsical humors of the *Rolliad*, or Peter Pindar, or the *Anti-Jacobin*, do infinitely more credit to its originality, than many volumes of what in those days passed for the inspired efforts of a more ambitious muse. The hermit voice of Cowper, speaking from his solitude, in rough and nervous English, and the impassioned strains of Burns, couched in a language all but foreign to ordinary readers, were among the first examples of emancipation from this ancient thralldom, and the assertion of the genuine power of vigorous and unfettered fancy. But they were no indications of a purer tone of public sentiment. Thrown on their own resources, and drawing from the deep spring of their own thoughts, the English recluse, and the Scottish peasant, spoke the language of nature, because in them it had not been corrupted by constant contact with a vitiated standard of taste.

But towards the end of the century, the waters were being stirred. When society is moved to its depths, powers otherwise dormant are called forth; and thus great public convulsions are always found to produce unusual manifestations of intellectual vigor. So the Augustan age followed the wars of the republic; and all our own great masters of literature burst into a blaze, from the struggles of the Reformation and the commonwealth. The singular agitations of the public mind, produced by

the political convulsions of the continent, while their first effect in this country was, as we have seen, rather to banish than to stimulate independence of intellect, could not fail ultimately to promote it. It is easy to discern at that period the dawning efforts of our national genius to free itself from its long imposed restraints, and to give itself natural vent, through unaccustomed channels. But, as might have been anticipated, in its first exertions, it strayed into all devious paths, and, while endeavoring to shake off its old chains, was in danger of aspiring after a license equally at variance with the just rules of taste. Originality and novelty were sought for, from sources as far as possible removed from the authorized models which had so long sustained their supremacy. "*Ignotas accedere fontes*," seemed to be the common object. William Taylor was exploring the newly found mine of German literature; Wordsworth courted nature and simplicity in lyrical ballads; Southey alternated between sapphics and dithyrambs, and Scott was searching for an unexhausted theme among the lays and romances of the Troubadours. The feeling of disgust and weariness at the threadbare topics and flat style of the preceding age was so intense, that the most palpable solecisms of taste and metre were likely to come into fashion as a mere relief. It was at this juncture, happily, that a CENSOR suddenly arose—a tribunal was erected—singularly exempt from extravagant excitement—professing to seek its canon of criticism from the pure fountain of nature, and the deep wells of our ancient literature—and administering its self-created laws with all the cold severity and calm determination of an acknowledged judge.

The object of the "Edinburgh Review" was not only to establish a higher standard of merit, but a purer, bolder, and simpler taste, and to induce on the public mind habits of calm and just thinking, and a spirit of unprejudiced inquiry after truth and justice in politics. How far it succeeded in applying true normal rules of judgment in the discharge of its judicial functions, we may inquire immediately. What it did accomplish was astonishing. Without patronage, without name, under the tutelage of no great man, and uncaressed as yet by any fashionable circle, propounding heresies of all sorts against the ruling fancies of the day, whether political, poetical, or social, by sheer vigor of mind, resolution of purpose, and an unexampled combination of mental qualities, five or six young men in our somewhat provincial metropolis laid the foundation of an empire, to which, in the course of a few years, the intellect of Europe did homage. For the time, no despotism could be more complete. The "Review" was the mirror by which men of taste adjusted their thoughts, and poets adorned their numbers. The young aspirant after fame looked fearfully to the dreaded oracle, while he waited for the response which was to fix his literary des-

tiny. The believers in the virtue of all existing things stood aghast at the unconsecrated hands which were laid on the objects of their idolatry, but they too learned to fear its power, and to smart under its lash. Merciless in chastisement, and fearless in opinion, it rudely dispersed the dull tribe who for years had sung and said to a drowsy public the praises of the king and constitution, and cleared the ground for worthier and manlier occupants. The device they bore upon their shield, "*Judex damnatur dum nocens absolvitur*," carried as much terror as ever a war-cry did over a field of chivalry. Spurred by the defying challenge, men of might buckled on their armor and tasked their utmost strength and were considered to have acquired renown if they only kept their seat against so formidable a foe.

A periodical work on such a scale, entirely devoted to criticism, was a happy thought, and much of its first effect upon the public undoubtedly was derived from the novelty and propriety of the design, as well as from the vigor of its execution. It was a step in advance in the science of criticism, reducing it to a more systematic form, and affording more enlarged opportunities for its exercise. Since the days of Johnson there had been nothing vigorous or efficient in the shape of criticism. The sturdy old moralist himself no doubt wielded his mace with great effect, and, although to modern taste his language is oppressively redundant, and his principles of judgment sometimes capricious, and oftener minute and desultory, his writings afford a rich vein of sound appreciation of the true elements of genius, and the peculiar beauties and powers of the English language. Since his time, although critics formed themselves on the models he had left behind him, the art had gradually degenerated, and had entirely ceased to produce any influence in the correction or chastisement of offences against sound taste. The monthly periodicals of the day to which, in general, critical dissertations were confined, down to the date of the Edinburgh Review, were constructed after the fashion approved ever since the year 1730. These magazines were compilations, thrown together without much attention to method, and consisting partly of original writing, but chiefly of extracts from such works of the day as were likely to be interesting, mixed up with the ordinary gossip of the newspapers. They were thus a pleasant medley of everything; where a new invention in mechanics, or a recipe in cookery, or the particulars of some astonishing *usus nature*, might be found in the same page with dissertations on the deepest subjects of philosophy or science. There is much ability and good writing in some of these magazines. In the *New Monthly*, for instance, any one who chooses to take the trouble, may extract from the superincumbent mass a great deal that is interesting. But the talent which

was contributed to such publications was, in fact, for all practical purposes, completely smothered by the load of matter by which it was surrounded. Succeeding to these cumbrous and unmanageable vehicles of public opinion, the method, clearness, and vivacity of the Review showed in favorable contrast, as a smart four-in-hand stage-coach of the present day may be supposed to do, compared with the lumbering conveyances in which our ancestors travelled. It thus started with all the attractions of novelty, as well as with those of power.

While the Review was received with singular favor by the public generally, the feelings it excited were by no means those of unmingled admiration in all quarters. On the contrary, it hit so hard the prejudices of many influential classes, that its vigor and ability only rendered it more obnoxious. Authors were also not unwilling to impugn the partiality or fairness of a tribunal, through the ordeal of which so few could pass with credit. In looking into the "Memoirs of William Taylor," lately published, we find, in the letters of Southey, who was a great correspondent of his, a good illustration of the feelings by which our author and his Review were regarded by the irritable race to which the poet belonged. He never speaks of Jeffrey but with a degree of bitterness which indicates much of the fear, as well as the smart, of injured vanity; and we have no doubt that many of his tuneful brethren at that time participated in his sentiments. It is worth remarking, however, that Taylor, so far from taking the trouble to apply any balm to his wounds, never fails to put in a word of praise of the Scotch Reviewers. Taylor's commendation is valuable, as the expression of the opinion of a rival critic, speaking of genius which had eclipsed his own. He was the principal contributor to the "Monthly Review," and is fairly entitled to the praise, not only of having done much to introduce the taste for German literature in this country, but also of having first adventured the broader and more scientific style of criticism which the Edinburgh Review afterwards carried to so much perfection. While he was well able to appreciate the kindred merits of the new journal, the simplicity and disinterestedness of his praise adds greatly to its value. "It is not," he says in 1809, in answer to one of Southey's invectives, "with Jeffrey's politics that I am in love; but with his brilliant and definite expressions, and his subtle argumentative power. I have not seen the Quarterly Review. It is said to rival that of Jeffrey; but I should be surprised if there is literary strength enough in any other combination to teach so many good opinions so well as the Edinburgh Reviewers."*

This brings us to speak of the work which is at

present our more peculiar theme, and of its author, the director and head of this formidable confederacy. It is simply a reprint of selected articles from the Review, without any addition by the author, with the exception of the preface, and some occasional notes. Here and there he has curtailed an article, sometimes to adapt it to modern readers, and sometimes for other reasons, explained at the places where they occur. Apart from its other merits, it cannot fail to interest as a memorial of the wisdom, policy, and triumphs of the government of the autocrat of criticism, to which, unlike most abdicated monarchs, he looks calmly back with honest but well-tempered pride, undisturbed by the cravings of ambition, and undisquieted by the recollection of former strife. The dignity proper to his station may have, in some degree, moderated the vivacity and point for which the subjects of the little annotations scattered up and down these volumes afford considerable scope; but, on the other hand, there is something most attractive in the mellowed light thrown over the whole, from a flame which once burned so fiercely;—in the gentle candor and the unassuming and considerate reflection, untinctured by a single drop of gall, with which he recurs to conflicts which are now matter of history in our literary annals. Not a vestige is to be found there of the touchy vanity common to authorship; nor even of the natural dogmatism of a man engaged during an ardent life in the maintenance of strong opinions. It is with a kind of apologetic diffidence, rather than with any vaunt of consistency, that in writing of his earlier feuds, he intimates that he still thinks as he then thought, but with all kind words of the antagonists who remain, and kinder of those who are departed, and an amiable and unbidden regret for the strength of words, which grate upon his memory, while he cannot feel them to be undeserved. Such was the mind of the man whose name at one time, among a certain class, was a synonyme for bitterness, revilings, and all uncharitableness, and who certainly enjoyed no small amount of fear and hatred among those who knew nothing of him except through the terrors of his lash.

It is not fair, perhaps, to contrast the ebullitions of a poet impatient of the recent smart, with the quiet reminiscences of such a work as this; but having just spoken of Southey, and we would wish to speak reverently of the memory of so powerful an intellect, we cannot but turn to the tribute paid by the once dreaded critic to the two most inveterate of his adversaries.

"I have, in my time, said petulant and provoking things of Mr. Southey;—and such as I would not say now. But I am not conscious that I was ever unfair to his poetry: and if I have noted what I thought its faults, in too arrogant and derisive a spirit, I think I have never failed to give hearty and cordial praise to its beauties—and generally dwelt much more largely on the latter than the

* Memoirs of William Taylor, vol. ii., p. 272.

former. Few things, at all events, would now grieve me more, than to think I might give pain to his many friends and admirers, by reprinting, so soon after his death, anything which might appear derogatory either to his character or his genius; and therefore, though I cannot say that I have substantially changed any of the opinions I have formerly expressed as to his writings, I only insert in this publication my review of his last considerable poem; which may be taken as conveying my matured opinion of his merits—and will be felt, I trust, to have done no scanty or unwilling justice to his great and peculiar powers.”—Vol. iii., p. 133.

“I have spoken in many places rather too bitterly and confidently of the faults of Mr. Wordsworth’s poetry. And forgetting, that even on my own view of them, they were but faults of taste, or venial self-partiality, have sometimes visited them, I fear, with an asperity which should be reserved for objects of moral reprobation. If I were now to deal with the whole question of his poetical merits, though my judgment might not be substantially different, I hope I should repress the greater part of these *vivacités* of expression. And indeed, so strong has been my feeling in this way, that considering how much I have always loved many of the attributes of his genius, and how entirely I respect his character, it did at first occur to me whether it was quite fitting that, in my old age and his, I should include in this publication any of those critiques which may have formerly given pain or offence to him or his admirers. But, when I reflected that the mischief, if there really ever was any, was long ago done, and that I still retain, in substance, the opinions which I should now like to have seen more gently expressed, I felt that to omit all notice of them on the present occasion, might be held to import a retraction which I am as far as possible from intending; or even be represented as a very shabby way of backing out of sentiments which should either be manfully persisted in, or openly renounced, and abandoned as untenable.

“I finally resolved, therefore, to reprint my review of ‘The Excursion;’ which contains a pretty full view of my griefs and charges against Mr. Wordsworth; set forth, too, I believe, in a more temperate strain than most of my other inculpations—and of which I think I may now venture to say farther, that if the faults are unsparingly noted, the beauties are not penuriously or grudgingly allowed: but commended to the admiration of the reader with at least as much heartiness and goodwill.”—Vol. ii., p. 233.

The preface is conceived in the same gentle spirit. The episode concerning Sir Walter Scott, with which it concludes, is not without interest; but we would certainly have preferred its omission. *Pace tanti nominis*, it was hardly worth Jeffrey’s while to have taken such anxious notice of the observation, even though it came from Scott.

It is explained in the preface, that these volumes do not contain a third of the author’s contributions to the “Review,” independently of the constant labor of revising, altering, and editing those of his coadjutors. When it is recollected that the party on whom this task was thrown, was, during the entire period, a barrister in great prac-

tice, and that he arrived ultimately at the highest honors, both officially and professionally, which a Scottish advocate can hold, some idea may be formed of the wonderful versatility of powers and rapidity of execution which he must have had at his command. Any one who has had the duty of an editor imposed on him, will understand how greatly the extensive occupations of the reviewer enhance the merits of his literary labors. For a dull, ill-tempered man, fancy could not imagine a more refined and perfect torment than the life of an editor. Tied to a stake—a mark for every disappointed friend or foe to fling at—daily devoured by the petulance of authors—the jealousies and intolerable delays of contributors, and the grumblings of publishers—and doomed to a task never ending—still beginning—more hopeless and interminable than the labors of the fabled sisters, “speeding to-day, to be put back to-morrow”—an editor might well require leisure the most uninterrupted, and patience almost patriarchal, if he hoped to enjoy his life, or to retain it long. Indeed we are satisfied, that not all the intellectual qualities which he brought to the service, could have enabled Lord Jeffrey triumphantly to accomplish both his literary and professional distinctions, but for a natural sweetness and suavity of temper, that left his mind serene and unruffled for all his tasks, and enabled him to throw off with his books, equally the harassments of the editor, and the anxieties of the law.

Written amid such avocations, the selections contained in these volumes are presented to the public in a separate shape. The articles are arranged, not chronologically, but under distinct classes of general literature, history, poetry, politics, and miscellaneous subjects.

This arrangement has certainly the advantage of presenting, in a continuous and unbroken view, the author’s sentiments on the varied subjects embraced in the collection. On the other hand, it exposes the articles themselves, as the author seems to be aware, to the most trying test to which they could be subjected. As despatches sent out from time to time—orders in council, so to speak, promulgated as occasion or delinquency required—it might frequently happen that the same doctrines might be often enforced, and the same reprimands repeated with advantage. But when thus collected, after the emergencies have passed away, and read continuously as contemporaneous essays, it was inevitable that they should present the recurrence of analogous discussions to a much greater degree than would be either natural or agreeable in a connected work; and the classification adopted, of course increases the effect of these repetitions.

This defect is most prominent in those treatises which are otherwise the most valuable; as the author most frequently reverts to those topics on which he had thought most deeply, and which he

considered most important. In fact, it is a defect quite inseparable from the style of composition. We do not say, as Fox did of reported speeches, that if these treatises make a good book, they must have been bad reviews; but nothing can be clearer, than that in following out a bold and extensive system of criticism, intended and adapted to correct the corrupted taste of the age, much of their weight and influence depended on the frequency with which the blow was repeated. Articles which stand side by side in these volumes, were separated by the distance of years; and during the interval, the changes in public feeling, or the revolutions of literature, gave zest and propriety to reflections, which, as they are here placed, seem merely echoes or reproductions of the thoughts of a few pages before.

Perhaps there is another leading feature of these essays, which is calculated to diminish their popularity as a connected work; we mean the didactic or metaphysical cast which distinguishes the most elaborate of their number. The prevalent taste for studies of that nature which reigned in Scotland at their date, naturally led the pupils of Reid and Stewart to exercise on literature and politics, the habits of inquiry which they had learned in these celebrated schools. Fashion has, in some degree, antiquated the science; and at the present day, the mysticism of metaphysics is more in favor than its pure inductions. But while it cannot be denied, that this character of the work before us may detract a little from its qualifications as a competitor for popular favor, it is far from diminishing its intrinsic merit. It was, as we have said, one of the leading objects of the Review, to introduce and enforce more correct principles of reasoning and taste. As Lord Jeffrey says in his preface, the "Review aimed high from the first:"—

"And refusing to confine itself to the humble task of pronouncing on the mere literary merits of the works that came before it, professed to go deeply into the *Principles* on which its judgments were to be rested; as well as to take large and original views of all the important questions to which those works might relate. And, on the whole, I think it is now pretty generally admitted, that it attained the end it aimed at. Many errors there were, of course, and some considerable blunders; abundance of indiscretions, especially in the earlier numbers; and far too many excesses, both of party zeal, overweening confidence, and intemperate blame. But with all these drawbacks, I think it must be allowed to have substantially succeeded—in familiarizing the public mind (that is, the minds of very many individuals) with higher speculations, and sounder and larger views of the great objects of human pursuit, than had ever before been brought as effectually home to their apprehensions, and also in permanently raising the standard, and increasing the influence of all such occasional writings, not only in this country, but over the greater part of Europe, and the free states of America; while it proportionally enlarged the capacity, and improved

the relish, of the growing multitudes to whom such writings were addressed, for 'the stronger meats' which were then first provided for their digestion."—p. ix.

Now, in the attainment of this object, it was essential that the subjects of controversy should be reduced to their elements, and that the foundation of a more solid and enduring canon of judgment should be laid on a correct basis of sound principle. Hence the great utility of that habit of analysis which was favored by the taste of the time, and of which our author is so great a master. It is true, some of these analytical processes read now like a series of self-evident propositions; and we sometimes think it was hardly worth while to use an instrument so subtle to extract so plain a truth. But it must be borne in mind, that what we think self-evident and axiomatic, were the very propositions, the denial or disregard of which lay at the root of the misgovernment and perverted taste of the day; and the fact, that these principles, which were so utterly forgotten when his labors commenced, and so frequently derided and repudiated during his advocacy of them, are now received and acknowledged on all hands as rudimental—so that the demonstration of them appears superfluous—is perhaps the most flattering testimony which could be paid to the efficiency and moral influence of his writings.

No better illustration of these remarks occurs to us than the Review of Mr. Leckie's "Essay on the British Government," vol. iv., p. 1. So gross and foolish a libel on constitutional liberty, would hardly, perhaps, at present find a reader, and certainly not a reviewer; nor, on the other hand, would any politician, or class of politicians, so far commit themselves with the public, as to deny, that all government flows from the people, and has the good of the people as its only end. But when this elaborate defence of very plain principles was composed, a man was not thought either a knave or a fool, but, on the contrary, a truly loyal British subject, deserving of great rewards, and very often receiving them, who stood up for the divine right of kings, and the sinfulness of questioning the absolute wisdom of any constituted authority. Nor must we rashly conclude, that although such notions are now obsolete, they are necessarily extinct. We have seen some strange resurrections in our own day. Opinions which have at any time taken a strong hold on intelligent men, never die, however pernicious or absurd; nor is a country or age ever safe against their reëpearance. It was by exorcisms such as those of the Edinburgh Review, that the incantations which deluded the nation were broken, and the rabble rout dispersed; but even now, when so many seem disposed to forsake modern light for ancient darkness, and when we find dogmas which we thought buried with the monks that held them, reëquiring their power over even the learned and enlightened, it is impossible to say how soon we may be sent

back to the very demonstrations which we think so elementary, for weapons to defend all we hold sacred in our national institutions.

But passing from these peculiarities, we regard this work as a very valuable addition to the permanent literature of the country. It is a book not to be read only—but studied. It is a vast repertory, or rather a system or institute, embracing the whole circle of letters—if we except the exact sciences—and contains within itself, not in a desultory form, but in a well digested scheme, more original conception, bold and fearless speculation, and just reasoning on all kinds and varieties of subjects than are to be found in any English writer with whom we are acquainted, within the present or the last generation.

It would be a very unwarrantable trespass on the time of our readers, to follow our author in detail through the work before us. It presents all the variety of an undulating landscape, with deep recesses and sunny glades, and smooth still lakes, and dashing torrents, and here and there less fertile plains, and anon bright broad green meadows, redolent of cheerfulness and joy. We could but faintly sketch its more prominent and striking features; for it seems very ill spent labor to attempt to describe or condense writings which have been to us as household words from our youth, and with which our readers are probably as familiar as ourselves. We cannot, however, dismiss our subject without inquiring a little more anxiously into our author's peculiar merits and qualities as a writer, and an attempt to form a somewhat more specific estimate of the school of criticism, of which he was the founder and the head.

The most natural comparison, as we have said before, to which every one is prompted to subject these volumes, is to the writings of Sydney Smith and Macaulay; and on a first or superficial impression, the comparison is not in their favor. The quaint wit of Sydney Smith and Macaulay's stately rolling periods, and glittering images, beguile the time more quickly, and rivet the attention closer. Those who expected to find Jeffrey's essays of a similar stamp, have probably read or tried to read, the book, with a feeling of disappointment. It wants sustained interest for the more indolent class of readers, and is not a work for a lounge to skim over of a morning. The difference arises in a great measure from causes we have already adverted to: for these articles are truly *criticisms*—intended to teach and instruct. But in other respects they have merits of a higher order, and in a higher degree than either of these authors. In the first place, as pure English compositions, we think Jeffrey's writings incomparably superior, not only to his brother reviewers, but to most writers of his time. Sydney Smith's style is careless though effective. Macaulay's is an artificial costume. He is always in full dress, and marches perpetually to the same majestic but rather pompous strain. We read through his three volumes with great delight, but as we read

the everlasting reverberation of his sentences, like a great sea-wave on a sandy beach, made our head reel at last.* Jeffrey does not drive over the ground so smoothly, but he is infinitely better worth loitering with. His choice of words is unbounded, and his felicity of expression, to the most impalpable shade of discrimination, almost miraculous. Playful, lively, and full of illustration, no subject is so dull or so dry that he cannot invest it with interest, and none so trifling that it cannot acquire dignity or elegance from his pencil. He can rise to the heights of the most exalted argument, or gossip with equal ease with Mary Montague or Pepys, and neither his flights nor his descents seem to cost him an effort, or to interrupt the unencumbered flow of his thoughts. Other writers have been more stately, more accurate, more witty, more florid, than he; but few have ever combined so much facility and so much excellence in all. In playful satire, he stands, in our opinion, without a rival in his time. It was his favorite and most dreaded weapon, of which his rapid fancy, quick sense of the ridiculous, and his command of happy expression, rendered him as complete a master as ever practised the art.

Independently, however, of mere style, and apart from the great variety of subject embraced by his pen, the distinguishing feature of his writings, and that in which he excels his contemporary reviewers, is the deep vein of practical thought which runs throughout them all. He is not what would now-a-days be thought an *original* thinker. He has no mysteries. He does not startle by unexpected fancies, or by every-day thoughts arrayed in half-intelligible language. On the contrary, he plainly eschews such things as offences against good taste and nature, and handles them unmercifully when they come under his cognizance. In particular, he is altogether, untainted by the bastard philosophizing strain which the passion for German literature has introduced of late years—which, in our humble judgment, has obscured and damaged a great deal of vigorous thought, which, in a sober, natural, and English dress, would have been far more distinguished and useful. But the habit of his mind is to search after principle, and to discover the germs of truths in the more complicated phases of intellect, and the artificial states of society. He is the professed votary of simplicity and nature in all their forms, and therefore the whole strain of his reflections, which are always clear, acute, and just, and very frequently profound, is to deduce from his subject some general principle in ethics or dialectics, by which a canon or rule may be derived for general guidance and instruction.

In his preface, he remarks—

“If I might be permitted further to state, in

* We speak here of Macaulay's collected essays, which embrace his earlier writings. His more recent style is much more free of these characteristics, and while he has lost nothing of its attractiveness, has gained in vigor and simplicity.

what particular department, and generally, on account of what, I should most wish to claim a share of those merits, I should certainly say, that it was by having constantly endeavored to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, and earnestly sought to impress my readers with a sense, both of the close connection between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment; and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter. The praise, in short, to which I aspire, and to merit which I am conscious that my efforts were most constantly directed, is, that I have, more uniformly and earnestly than any preceding critic, made the moral tendencies of the works under consideration a leading subject of discussion; and neglected no opportunity, in reviews of poems and novels, as well as of graver productions, of elucidating the true constituents of human happiness and virtue; and combating those besetting prejudices and errors of opinion which appear so often to withhold men from the path of their duty—or to array them in foolish and fatal hostility to each other. I cannot, of course, do more, in this place, than *intimate* this proud claim. But, for the proof—or at least the explanation of it—I think I may venture to refer to the greater part of the papers that follow.”

—p. x.

With one qualification, we think, he is well entitled to the praise which he here assumes. He has a strong and ardent love of humanity, and delights to look on the sunny side of life. Human griefs and passions—the deeper sorrows and the minute unhappinesses of existence—find constant sympathy with him; and no little joy, no flash of true-hearted merriment, fails to find an echo in his breast. He is none of those grumblers of whom Seneca speaks, who accuse the order of the world, and would wish the gods amended, not themselves.* He admires and deeply venerates all that is august and glorious in this visible diurnal sphere, and labors, with earnest sincerity, to teach those lessons of high philosophy by which he thinks public and social happiness consist.

The qualification we refer to, is one which, perhaps, might have no place, if the volumes alone were before us; but in considering the school of criticism which he founded, and the decrees of that tribunal of which he was the head, it is impossible to omit the remark, that the highest and truest standard of right, if it was admitted at all, was never allowed to occupy its appropriate place. Let us not be misunderstood. There is nothing in the Essays before us which can do violence to the keenest religious sense; indeed, if we except one or two casual expressions in the review of Hayley's *Life of Cowper*, there is little we could wish altered in that respect. On the other hand, there are many passages—as, for instance, in the remarks on Bishop Heber's *Journal*—which breathe a tone of deep reverence for sacred things. With the scourging of hypocrisy, and the exposure of pretended sanctity, we should not only not

quarrel, but sympathize. Nor is the least agreeable impression produced by these volumes, that softened and more solemn air which time and experience always produce on minds truly great. We do not complain, however, of what we find, but we desiderate what is absent. In so far as the critic derived his laws of judicial determination from the eternal truths of morality, and deals his censure and awards his praise in proportion as the great ends of man appear to be advanced or injured by the subject of the inquiry, he approached to the formation of a perfect standard of criticism. But why should the process stop there? If, after all, the true canon is to be found in the tendency to ameliorate and improve the race, will not that rule be purer and more perfect, if it embrace not temporal only, but the eternal interests of man, and have reference not merely to fallible conscience and a clouded moral sense, but to the clear, unchanging dictates of divine truth? The spirit of evangelical religion applied as a rule of judgment, is so far from excluding or superseding the principles of taste, that it strengthens and purifies these principles, and superadds an unfailing touchstone to that ethical test which Lord Jeffrey claims as his ultimate criterion of right;—with this difference, that certainty is substituted for speculation, at best doubtful, and AUTHORITY comes in to confirm the wavering opinions of man on the great questions of moral excellence and fitness. There is no more reason why a sound spirit of religion should quench the lamp of genius, or shed a gloom over the paths of literature, than there is for a similar effect being produced by making both subservient to a spirit of mere morality. If the moral musings of the sages of antiquity only give additional interest to their writings, and charm while they instruct;—if we love to stray with Plato in meditation through academic groves, or dwell with rapture over the darkened but delightful wanderings of Cicero after a futurity he dimly foresaw, but could not fathom;—if in these ancients, *their* religion, dim and doubtful, detracts nothing, but only adds to their classic grace—why should the charm be lost because we walk in broad noon, where they groped in twilight? Or, if moral judgments can best discern and preserve truth and unity, and nature, in all manifestations of intellect, surely those judgments must be the most accurate and the most exalting, which are founded on an unerring rule of right, and embrace the welfare of man, even in his everlasting destiny.

The true operation of the spirit of religious truth as a criterion of just criticism, is a subject which would lead us far away from our present theme; it deserves separate and full consideration for itself. We must, however, observe, that it would be impossible to speak of the *Edinburgh Review*, as a work—at least of its earlier and most celebrated numbers—without the use of terms of much stronger reprehension. Its careless, and even scoffing tone, and a certain irreligious air

* “Contra ille pusillus ac degener, qui oblectatur, et de ordine mundi male existimat, et emendare mavult deos quam se.”—Sen. *Epist.* 107.

which it assumed, exposed it justly to great reproach, and did more to counteract the influence of the great and enlarged principles which it advocated, and to blunt the point of its brilliant sarcasm, than any other element. The age in which it started was one of much professed attachment to the church, and clamorous fear of bringing her into danger, but of little real piety, and one in which sincere and simple religion was despised and derided equally by the skeptic and the bigot. By such articles as that on Missions, in 1807, not only was just offence and scandal given to the serious part of the community, but an excuse was afforded to those to whom the cry of "Church in danger" was convenient, to raise a popular outcry against an antagonist otherwise so formidable. It may not perhaps be easy to estimate accurately the amount of injury which was done to the really free and enlightened principles which it was the professed object of the Review to proclaim, by thus associating them in the minds of many good and worthy people with infidelity or carelessness, and inducing the belief that those who held the first, must of necessity be tinged with the last also. It is satisfactory to find, that while the great principles of freedom, and the just rules of thought, for which the Review contended, have gained strength every year of their advocacy, those very evangelical opinions, which were made the subject of ridicule and assault, have, like "birds of a tempest-loving kind," beat steadily up against the storm, until they have even found a resting-place in the pages of some of their opponents.

The principal department to which our author turned his attention, and to which the most important and effective of these criticisms relate, is that of belles-lettres and poetry. The dissertations which these volumes contain on the lighter literature of our language, and the inquiries into the elements in which the merit and excellence of true poetry consist, were those on which the critic's reputation was first founded. It does not follow, that they form the most interesting articles to a modern reader. But it was in that field that the power and effect of the Review was most eminently successful. Prior to the establishment of the Quarterly Review, Jeffrey remained absolute monarch of this kingdom; and although there may be some things which seem to us rather elementary, and others that appear to be unnecessarily repeated, when we read these essays now, we owe to him more, perhaps, than we have the means of calculating, for his constant, unceasing, and powerful efforts in the erection and defence of a sound standard of taste.

The foundation of his principles of criticism, and the cause also of his success in permanently establishing them, is to be found in his deep admiration, and thorough knowledge of the early English dramatists. Indeed, it must be admitted, that he draws little either on classical literature or the foreign writers of modern Europe; and this per-

haps, detracts from his reputation as a catholic author. It increased, however, that which is his greatest recommendation, the thoroughly *English* spirit which pervades all his dissertations. For the first time, for nearly a century, the public were sent back to refresh themselves at those long-forgotten springs. Dryden was perhaps the last example of the nervous English writers. Pope borrowed from him "the long resounding line," and indeed improved on his master, if not in strength, at least in the rhythm and melody of his diction. But as the founder of a school, he led away his followers in a search after pointed antithesis and glittering conceits from the manly, vigorous style of those ancient models, on which Milton formed his majestic numbers, and from which Dryden learned the secret of his power. So much, indeed, did the fashion introduced by the brilliant wits of Queen Anne cast into the shade their rougher and more masculine predecessors, that during the last century Shakspeare himself was considered as an obsolete writer of a more vulgar and a ruder age. It is Jeffrey's greatest triumph to have instilled into the minds of his countrymen a sound appreciation and befitting reverence for these great fathers of English song, and to have recalled the taste for the graces of natural thought and passion, of which they are such abundant storehouses. Shakspeare, indeed, he worships, not with blind, but with most profound idolatry. He is the tutelary deity of his Parnassus, in whose half-inspired conceptions he sees all that is most wise, perfect, and fair, in the charms which human imagination can throw over the thoughts, actions, and relations of man. We extract the following passage from the review of "Hazlitt's Essays on Shakspeare," both as a tribute of homage to the prince of poetry, and as in itself furnishing an example of rich and glowing eloquence, which for fire of thought, or exuberance of expression, may rank with the finest writing in the language:—

"In the exposition of these, there is room enough for originality—and more room than Mr. H. has yet filled. In many points, however, he has acquitted himself excellently; partly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers—but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out that fond familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature—that indestructible love of flowers and odors, and dews and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry—and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul—and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins—contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements!—which HE ALONE has poured out from the rich-

ness of his own mind, without effort or restraint ; and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress, from love of ornament or need of repose ! HE ALONE, who, when the object requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical—and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him, as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness—and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace—and is a thousand times more full of fancy, and imagery, and splendor, than those who, in pursuit of such enchantments, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom, and ridicule, and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists that ever existed—he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world : and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason—nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Everything in him is in unmeasured abundance, and unequalled perfection—but everything so balanced and kept in subordination, as not to jostle or disturb or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions, are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn, without loading the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together : and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets—but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth ; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator !"—Vol. ii., pp. 317, 318.

We do not think that we arrogate too much to our author, in tracing to this deep devotion to the early Elizabethan literature, and the impulse in that direction which he was so instrumental in promoting, much of that spirit of natural emotion, and that fathoming of the deep springs of human action, which so nobly distinguish Southey, and Wordsworth, and Scott—and Byron, the greatest of them all, from the versifiers in blank and in rhyme of the preceding century. No doubt they all waged petty war with the Corypheus of criticism, and assailed the analytic tests to which they were exposed in his fiery crucible. In these minor controversies, the critic may sometimes have been in error ; but the result, beyond question, was, that, tried by these ancient standards, authors discarded artifice, and trick, and mere sound ; and

each strove with his neighbor in the endeavor to portray natural human feeling, in all its lights and shadows ; and even Byron himself, who at last bore away the palm, owed his greatness to the wondrous power with which he stirred the deepest recesses of the heart, and transfused its strongest and darkest passions into his burning page.

The severity, and, as it was the fashion to term it, the malignity of the Review, was a subject of frequent accusation, particularly among those whose fame or vanity suffered by it. It was thought, that its style of chastisement, even when deserved, was too savage and remorseless, and that its extreme rigor clipped the wings of genius too close. But there never was any real foundation for these complaints, and they have long since died a natural death. A certain measure of exaggeration is perhaps essential to success in all efforts of intellect. If individual faults received sometimes too sharp a visiting, the reviewer only practised the art which a painter so well understands, and heightened the color in details, in order that the whole might have the effect of nature. "Tamers of genius," as they have been called, the Edinburgh reviewers certainly were not. But they knew that, to produce any effect upon the public, their task required to be boldly executed. They fostered genius far more successfully by their wholesome discipline and the salutary awe which they inspired, than could have been done by volumes of ill-placed commendation. Perhaps some "mute inglorious Milton" may have held his peace from terror of the suspended rod ; but the greater probability is, that all the real genius of the time, confident in its own strength, braved the trial, while the public were preserved from the flood of mediocrities and puerilities which had disgraced the preceding age.

To one class of writers, in particular—the Lake Poets, the school of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge—Jeffrey has been accused of an unjust and inexcusable aversion. As he undoubtedly exerted his powers of chastisement with great freedom on these gentlemen, and as his appreciation of them has been much canvassed and impugned, it may be worth while for a moment to consider the subject of controversy, although the public voice may be said to have substantially decided it.

Undoubtedly, all three were men of strong intellect, and very original genius, and have produced some compositions, at least, that will only perish with the language. Wordsworth, in particular, is a poet of the first order, and we are inclined to think, that his great beauties, and the high general character of his writings, hardly received full justice at the reviewer's hands. Indeed, we do not think that any reader could form a just estimate of him from the portrait presented of him by the Review. His faults appear to us to be exaggerated, and his merits too sparingly praised. If our limits would permit us to go into detail, we think we could show, that even in

some of the passages which the reviewer selects as feeble and unintelligible, there is both poetic beauty and justness of conception. To this extent, therefore, we disagree with the general estimate which Jeffrey has formed of his writings. But while we think the estimate of the poet defective and erroneous, we do not blame the reviewer's severity. If Wordsworth's faults had been native to him, we should have thought otherwise; but his warm admirers—and we profess ourselves of the number—cannot deny that he perpetually and wilfully obscures his strong and vigorous powers of fancy by an affectation absolutely indefensible; and an affectation all the more revolting that it consists in the intentional expression of plain and strong thought in language at once obscure and feeble, like a robust and powerful man putting himself in leading strings. Scott himself expresses his wonder, "why he will sometimes choose to crawl upon all fours, when God has given him so noble a countenance to lift to heaven."* For this wilful degradation of genius we have no sympathy, nor could we ever find an excuse. Whether or not it was the result of a peculiar theory of the poetical, really signifies nothing; if there was such a theory, it was a false one. The mannerism, both of thought and expression, was deliberate, and it truly deserved no more mercy than it met with. To one accustomed, like the reviewer, with the unencumbered action of Shakspeare, and Johnson, and Massinger, this perpetual walking in voluntary fetters was intolerable; and he scourged the delinquency all the more smartly, that the perpetrator could have thrown them off at pleasure, and given the efforts of his free genius to the world. We can only regret that the punishment had less effect in the way of correction than of warning; for we have always thought that if Wordsworth had only allowed unconstrained scope to his powers, and written as freely as Milton or Byron wrote, few names would have ranked higher among the poets of England.

Southey has very well expressed the real fault of his mystical brethren. "Both he (Coleridge) and Wordsworth, powerfully as they can write, and profoundly as they usually think, have been betrayed into the same fault—that of making things easy of comprehension in themselves, difficult to be comprehended, by their way of stating them—instead of going to the natural spring for water, they seem to like the labor of digging wells." This from the hand of a friend, and a member of the brotherhood, is nearly as severe as anything Jeffrey ever said of them.

We have little of Southey in the collection. The single review reprinted is that of Don Roderick in 1815, selected, plainly, from the unwillingness, on the part of the critic, to wound the admirers of the departed bard by recalling the harsher censures he had passed on his earlier works. And Don Roderick is perhaps Southey's

best poem, written after much of his false taste had been purged by public opinion and his own experience. But we would rather have had the original review of "Thalaba," which we presume, on our own responsibility, to attribute to the same pen, as a better example of the style of chastisement which has been so much questioned. It was the first public assault on the poets of the simple school; and although the reviewer would now probably moderate much both of the sentiment and the expression, it exhibits very strikingly the flood of false taste and conception which he undertook to stem, and the unrelenting severity with which he discharged his task. The review of "Thalaba" is an exaggeration, undoubtedly. Perhaps the novelty of the metre, and the lawlessness of the structure of the poem, jarred more on the critic's ear than it would now. And this general remark may undoubtedly be made of his principle of criticism, that he was sometimes too intolerant of "extravagant and erring" genius, and visited their trespasses out of bounds with a school-master's disregard of the spirit or enterprise which tempted them to the transgression. Thus he extols Crabbe and Rogers in proportion as he objugates Wordsworth and Southey, because the former wrote according to rule, violated no solemn canon, and set no pernicious example of forbidden license. Yet although for the same reason, Crabbe and Rogers will always be popular authors when Wordsworth and Southey may be sparingly read, few, we think, would now hesitate to place the latter in a class of poetry to which the former have no pretension. When Southey does rise free from his trammels, he soars a flight far higher than the pinion of Crabbe or Rogers could ever reach. After all, the strictures of the reviewer were not only well-founded in regard to his faults of style and manner, but they were also not without effect. Southey's brilliant diction, and fine sense of natural beauty, were endowments too great and rare to be sacrificed to the artifice of so constrained a system. Vain as he was—and his vanity seems to have been marvellous—his later works were much more under the control of sound judgment; and he appears to have been the only one of the fraternity who, while he abused the preacher, endeavored to amend his life.

We need not enlarge on these topics. The reviewer's task is done—his wand is broken. The bards over whom he wielded it sleep in their graves; or living, have ceased to sing. The impress of the judgment of another generation is beginning to be stamped upon their numbers, and to separate the immortal from the less ethereal parts. What share soever the critic's art may have had in directing their genius, and however far his sentences may be found to coincide with those pronounced by the age in which they flourished, all this is now matter of history. Distance, which has softened their defects, enables us to

* Lockhart's Life, vol. v., p. 40.

discern and to appreciate their true magnificence. We look back with mourning to that brilliant galaxy; and gladly would we now see on the horizon one flash of that radiant fire which blazed with such glory, and lighted up the firmament, in the days of our fathers. Let us hope that the spirit of poetry may again awake after so long repose, and that it may be our lot, in the career we have just commenced, to hail a new revival of English song.

While, however, the department of poetry was the reviewer's peculiar care, the reputation of our author as a writer for posterity stands, we think, even more firmly on another class of compositions. Less strictly critical, and partaking less of a literary aim, the political essays in these volumes deserve deep study. While the more piquant and racy castigations excited at the time more popular interest, justice, perhaps, has not been generally done to the enlarged and statesmanlike conceptions of the reviewer, both on the general principles of government, and the details of public policy. The great value of these volumes, in their separate form, consists, we think, in preserving, from an oblivion into which they were quickly passing, these valuable reflections on the science and practice of politics.

The services of the Review as an advocate of freedom—of human liberty and happiness—cannot be too highly rated; nor are these forgotten, or in any danger of being so. It started during the full torrent of revolutionary violence, and monarchical bigotry. Perhaps, at the first blush, the reviewers did not discern so clearly, amidst the din and dust of contending parties, the precise course to steer; but from the first, liberty was their aim, and they speedily guided their bark into the true current. They erected a noble bulwark against tyranny and oppression in all quarters, fearless of the frowns of the great, and the remonstrances of the timid. They hurled indignant denunciation against corruption in high places. The persecuted in all stations, from the queen on the throne, to the wretched slave, found in them undaunted defenders. In the days of apostasy, they were found faithful among the faithless, and lifted up an undying testimony for the pure doctrines of constitutional right, and the personal independence of British subjects. For the courage, consistency, and consummate power with which they fought that battle, we in this day owe them a deep debt of gratitude. If there is aught of reverence for our ancient birthright—if any abiding good in free speech, free action, freedom of conscience, opinion, or government—if any charm in those golden links which unite our democratic constitution to all the stability of monarchy—and if we have gladly seen the gradual dissipation of those palpable clouds of darkness which so long brooded over the venerable fabric—never can *their* labors be forgotten, who with constancy kept the standard flying, when the handful that surrounded

it was at the lowest. We have seen honor descend on those at whom the finger of scorn was pointed, and against whom all the artillery of power was brought to play. Men who began life as a contemptible and derided band, proscribed for their principles, have, by their steady adherence to them raised themselves and their principles together to public reputation and power. These things have come to pass, and teach us, how soon, after all, Error, though arrayed in robes of state, and armed with authority, may melt like a summer cloud. They teach us to look with a less unquiet eye on the vicissitudes of human affairs, or the reverses which are suffered in the battles of the truth. In the revolutions of states, as of seasons, periods of darkness are given us, that we may the more prize the too neglected light.

"*Damna tamen celeres reparent cœlestia Luncæ.*"

And not time and the tide only, but steadfastness and true hope will wear out the roughest day.

In this great conflict the whole strength of the society was engaged;—the fierce energy of Brougham—the deep power of Horner—and the wit and satire of Sydney Smith, were all concentrated in this high vocation. It is not now easy for any one having no access behind the scenes, to assign his share to each; therefore we are the more indebted for the selection of the Essays before us, as giving us the means of appreciating Jeffrey's peculiar merits as a political writer.

Three of these strike us as being of singular ability, and very great interest. The review of Sotheby's *Song of Triumph*—that of Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, and that of O'Driscoll's *History of Ireland*. They exhibit the author's general manner of treating public questions in a favorable light, and afford a good criterion of the general cast of his political reflections.

The feature which chiefly gives them a distinctive character, is the prospective spirit in which they are all conceived. The author is prone to vaticinate; not from fancied inspiration, but from quiet reasoning on the impulses which generally move large bodies of men, and from the lights which history affords. These three articles illustrate this peculiarity. They are all full of anticipations—more or less borne out by results—but conceived in such a spirit of practical wisdom, as to deserve and amply repay the intelligent study of them.

The review of the *Song of Triumph*, was written immediately after the battle of Leipsic, and affords an interesting example of the tone of feeling which actuated such men at the time, and the way in which they were affected by the startling and exciting events which had succeeded each other so rapidly. It is in itself, as the Reviewer indicates in a note, such a *Song of Triumph* as few now would be disposed to join in. But amid the

"Roar of liberated Rome,
Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,"

it was natural that men of all parties should share in the general enthusiasm. Europe was sick of war, and men naturally welcomed with joy a new order of things, which seemed to promise a respite from excitement which had become intolerable: and the dreamers after perfectibility, who had hailed the dawning star of the French Revolution, were the first to sacrifice the visions of their youth to the prospect of peace and quiet. It had not then appeared, that those who had struck the Eagle down were only doing homage to the Wolf. And thus we find Lord Jeffrey joining in the universal shout of exultation over the fallen emperor, extolling the clemency, chivalry, and magnanimity of Alexander, and foretelling, if not exactly Saturnian days, at least a probable career of rational liberty for France.

We certainly do not refer to this article as exemplifying the infallibility of his prophetic vein; but chiefly as showing the general course of deduction on which his prognostics were founded. It is needless to observe, that his estimate of the great military leader of France must have suffered as much modification by the lapse of years, as his admiration for the Czar. Napoleon was a usurper, and ruled with an iron rod; and therefore all true freemen must reprobate his career. But his soul was lofty, and his conceptions magnificent, and some of the epithets in the article before us quadrate ill with the verdict already returned on the greatest chieftain of modern Europe. On the other hand, the sagacity of the reviewer was altogether at fault in the expectations he had formed of the exiled family. No wonder; he thought like the rest of the world, that in their exile they must have learnt and must have forgotten something—and like the rest of the world he found himself mistaken. As little did he dream that the alliance, which he then thought united in defence of the common liberties of Europe, was so soon to become the watchword and *soubriquet* of despotism in all its monarchies. But he saw the contingencies before him clearly, and states them with singular precision:—

"The project of giving them a free constitution, therefore, may certainly miscarry,—and it may miscarry in two ways. If the court can effectually attach to itself the marshals and military senators of Bonaparte, in addition to the old nobility;—and if, through their means, the vanity and ambition of the turbulent and aspiring spirits of the nation can be turned either towards military advancement, or to offices and distinction about the court, the legislative bodies may be gradually made subservient in most things to the will of the government;—and by skilful management, may be rendered almost as tractable and insignificant, as they have actually been in the previous stages of their existence. On the other hand, if the discordant materials, out of which the higher branch of the legislature is to be composed, should ultimately arrange it into two hostile parties—of the

old noblesse on the one hand, and the active individuals who have fought their way to distinction through scenes of democratic and imperial tyranny, on the other—it is greatly to be feared, that the body of the nation will soon be divided into the same factions; and that while the court throws all its influence into the scale of the former, the latter will in time unite the far more formidable weight of the military body—the old republicans, and all who are either discontented at their lot, or impatient of peaceful times. *By their assistance, and that of the national vehemence and love of change, it will most probably get the command of the legislative body and the capital;—and then, unless the prince play his part with singular skill, as well as temper, there will be imminent hazard of a revolution—not less disastrous perhaps than that which has just been completed.*" Vol. iv., pp. 64, 65.

He was wrong in the alternative which he assumed as the most probable, but he was eminently right in his statement of the lesson which these events, properly deciphered, ought to read to the monarchs and nations of the earth. They are so full of grave instruction that we may be excused for quoting the following extracts;—

"The lesson, then, which is taught by the whole history is, that oppressive governments must always be insecure; and that, after nations have attained to a certain measure of intelligence, the liberty of the people is necessary to the stability of the throne. We may dispute forever about the immediate or accidental causes of the French Revolution; but no man of reflection can now doubt, that its true and efficient cause was the undue limitation of the rights and privileges of the great body of the people, after their wealth and intelligence had virtually entitled them to greater consequence. Embarrassments in finance, or blunders, or ambition in particular individuals, may have determined the time and the manner of the explosion; but it was the system which withheld all honors and distinctions from the mass of the people, after nature had made them capable of them, which laid the train and filled the mine that produced it. Had the government of France been free in 1788, the throne of its monarch might have bid a proud defiance to *deficits* in the treasury, or disorderly ambition in a thousand Mirabeaus. Had the people enjoyed their due weight in the administration of the government, and their due share in the distribution of its patronage, there would have been no democratic insurrection, and no materials indeed for such a catastrophe as ensued. That movement, like all great national movements, was produced by a sense of injustice and oppression: and though its immediate consequences were far more disastrous than the evils by which it had been provoked, it should never be forgotten, that those evils were the necessary and lamented causes of the whole. The same principle, indeed, of the necessary connexion of oppression and insecurity, may be traced through all the horrors of the revolutionary period. What, after all, was it but *their tyranny* that supplanted Marat and Robespierre, and overthrew the tremendous power of the wretches for whom they made way? Or, to come to its last and most conspicuous application, does any one imagine, that if Bonaparte had been a just, mild, and equitable sovereign, under whom the people enjoyed equal rights and impartial protection, he would have ever been

hurled from his throne, or the Bourbons invited to replace him? He, too, fell ultimately a victim to *his tyranny*;—and his fall and their restoration on the terms that have been stated, concur to show, that there is but one condition by which, in an enlightened age, the loyalty of nations can be secured—the condition of their being treated with kindness; and but one bulwark by which thrones can now be protected—the attachment and conscientious interest of a free and intelligent people.”—Vol. iv., pp. 68, 69.

“The true theory of that great revolution therefore is, that it was produced by the repression or practical disregard of public opinion, and that the evils with which it was attended were occasioned by the want of any institution to control and regulate the application of that opinion to the actual management of affairs. And the grand moral that may be gathered from the whole eventful history, seems therefore to be, that in an enlightened period of society, no government can be either prosperous or secure, which does not provide for expressing and giving effect to the general sense of the community.”—p. 74.

“The events to which we have alluded, and the situation in which they will leave us, will take away almost all those pretences for resisting inquiry into abuses, and proposals for reform, by the help of which, rather than of any serious dispute on the principle, these important discussions have been waived for these last twenty years. We shall no longer be stopped with the plea of its being no fit time to quarrel about the little faults of our constitution, when we are struggling with a ferocious enemy for its very existence. It will not now do to tell us, that it is both dangerous and disgraceful to show ourselves disunited in a season of such imminent peril—or that all great and patriotic minds should be entirely engrossed with the care of our safety, and can have neither leisure nor energy to bestow upon concerns less urgent or vital. The restoration of peace, on the contrary, will soon leave us little else to do; and when we have no invasions nor expeditions—nor coalitions nor campaigns—nor even any loans and budgets to fill the minds of our statesmen, and the ears of our idle politicians, we think it almost certain that questions of reform will rise into paramount importance, and the redress of abuses become the most interesting of public pursuits. We shall be once more entitled, too, to make a fair and natural appeal to the analogous acts or institutions of other nations, without being met with the cry of revolution and democracy, or the imputation of abetting the proceedings of a sanguinary despot. We shall again see the abuses of old hereditary power, and the evils of mal-administration in legitimate hands; and be permitted to argue from them, without the reproach of disaffection to the general cause of mankind. Men and things, in short, we trust, will again receive their names, on a fair consideration of their merits; and our notions of political desert be no longer confounded by indiscriminate praise of all who are with us, in a struggle that touches the sources of so many passions. When we plead for the emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland, we shall no longer be told that the pope is a mere puppet in the hands of an inveterate foe—nor be deterred from protesting against the conflagration of a friendly capital, by the suggestion, that no other means were left to prevent that same foe from possessing himself of its fleet. Exceptions and ex-

treme cases, in short, will no longer furnish the ordinary rules of our conduct; and it will be impossible, by extraneous arguments to baffle every attempt at a fair estimate of our public principles and proceedings.”—Vol. iv., pp. 84, 85.

The selections given from the review of Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, are general meditations on the state of parties, devoted principally to unfolding and illustrating the true position and real principles of the whig party in Great Britain. The article was written in 1826, when the lull of politics was so profound as to give no note of preparation for the tempests about to break, and before the death of Lord Liverpool had dissolved a cabinet which was apparently beyond the reach of assault. Although public opinion had made great progress since the days of the wars of the revolution and the empire, the whig party seemed as far removed from power, and their adversaries as firmly seated, as they had been for forty years preceding; and the hopes of the friends of liberal government were rather directed to the conversion or compulsion of their adversaries, than to supplanting them in office. There had also grown into consideration what was then, and still is, termed the radical party, flourishing under the expansive shade of Bentham and his Westminster disciples, and directing their censures then, as they sometimes do now, as bitterly against the whig aristocracy, as against the tories themselves. In defence of this middle party, standing on the ancient ways, and repressing the excesses of either extreme, this essay was composed. It is calm and philosophical—more so than it would have been had it been dated a year later, or, indeed, at any subsequent period,—and demonstrates, with admirable clearness, the true vocation of the party, and the claims it possessed even on those by whom its prudence was considered timid, and its constitutional tenets as prejudice. We have no room to make lengthened extracts, but the following paragraph has something of sagacious prognostication, although the party, and our author himself, were doomed, at no distant period, to experience a considerable mitigation of that rigor of exclusion which he so contentedly foretells.

“In practice, we have no doubt, we shall all have time enough; for it is the lot of England, we have little doubt, to be ruled in the main by what may be called a tory party, for as long a period as we can now look forward to with any great distinctness; by a tory party, however, restrained more and more, in its propensities, by the growing influence of whig principles, and the enlightened vigilance of that party, both in parliament and out of it; and now and then admonished, by a temporary expulsion, of the necessity of a still greater conformity with the progress of liberal opinions, than could be spontaneously obtained. The inherent spirit, however, of monarchy, and the natural effect of long possession of power, will secure, we apprehend, for a considerable time, the general sway of men professing tory principles; and their speedy restoration, when driven for a

season from their places by disaster or general discontent; and the whigs, during the same period, must content themselves with preventing a great deal of evil, and seeing the good, which they had suggested, tardily and imperfectly effected by those who will take the credit of originating what they had long opposed, and only at last adopted with reluctance and on compulsion. It is not a very brilliant prospect, perhaps, nor a very enviable lot. But we believe it to be what awaits us; and we embrace it, not only cheerfully, but with thankfulness and pride: thankfulness, that we are enabled to do even so much for the good and the liberties of our country—and pride, that, in thus seeking her service, we cannot well be suspected of selfish or mercenary views.”—Vol. iv., pp. 162, 163.

The review of O'Driscoll's Ireland deserves to be written in letters of gold. It speaks a voice of warning and of wisdom to the united countries, which, at this day, are singularly seasonable; and it is remarkable with what precision the essayist has portrayed the very results which are now threatening a dismemberment of the empire. We content ourselves here with extracting the following passages:—

Protestant ascendancy is thus treated,—

“They contrived, therefore, by false representations and unjust laws, to foster those prejudices which would otherwise have gradually disappeared—and, unluckily, succeeded but too well. As their own comparative numbers and natural consequence diminished, they clung still closer to their artificial holds on authority; and, exasperated by feeling their dignity menaced and their monopolies endangered by the growing wealth, population and intelligence of the country at large, they redoubled their efforts, by clamor and activity, intimidation and deceit, to preserve the unnatural advantages they had accidentally gained, and to keep down that spring-tide of general reason and substantial power which they felt rising and swelling all around them.

“Their pretence was, that they were the champions of the *Protestant ascendancy*—and that, whenever that was endangered, there was an end of the *English connexion*. While the alliance of the two countries was, indeed, no more than a *connexion*, there might be some truth in the assertion—or, at least, it was easy for an Irish Parliament to make it appear to be true. But the moment they came to be *incorporated*, its falsehood and absurdity should at once have become apparent. Unluckily, however, the incorporation was not so complete, or the union so entire, as it should have been. There still was need, or was thought to be need, of a provincial management, a domestic government, of Ireland;—and the old wretched parliamentary machinery, though broken up and disabled for its original work, naturally supplied the materials for its construction. The men still survived who had long been the exclusive channels of communication with the supreme authority; and though other and wider channels were now opened, the habit of employing the former, aided by the eagerness with which they sought for continued employment, left with them an undue share of its support. Still more unluckily, the ancient practice of misgovernment had left its usual traces on the character, not only of its authors, but its victims. Habitual oppression

had produced habitual disaffection; and a long course of wrong and contumely, had ended in a desperate indignation and an eager thirst for revenge.

“The natural and necessary consequences of the union did not, therefore, immediately follow its enactment—and are likely, indeed, to be longer obstructed, and run greater hazard of being fatally intercepted, than in the case of Scotland. Not only is the mutual exasperation greater, and the wounds more deeply rankled, but the union itself is more incomplete, and leaves greater room for complaints of inequality and unfairness. The numerical strength, too, of the Irish people is far greater, and their causes of discontent more uniform, than they ever were in Scotland; and, above all, the temper of the race is infinitely more eager, sanguine and reckless of consequences, than that of the sober and calculating tribes of the north. The greatest and most urgent hazard, therefore, is that which arises from their impatience: and this, unhappily, is such, that, unless some early measure of conciliation is adopted, it would no longer be matter of surprise to any one, if, upon the first occasion of a war with any of the great powers of Europe, or America, the great body of the nation should rise in a final and implacable hostility, and endeavor to throw off all connexion with, or dependence on, Great Britain, and to erect itself into an independent state!” * * * * *

“One thing we take to be evident,—and it is the substance of all that can be said on the subject,—that things are fast verging to a crisis, and cannot, in all probability, remain long as they are. The Union, in short, must either be made *equal and complete* on the part of England—or it will be broken in pieces and thrown in her face by Ireland. That country must either be delivered from the domination of an Orange faction, or we must expect, in spite of all our warnings and remonstrances, to see her seek her own deliverance by the fatal and bloody career to which we have already alluded—and from which we hold it to be the height of guilt and of folly to hesitate about withholding her, by the sacrifice of that miserable faction.”—Vol. iv., pp. 140, 141, 145, 146.

The field before us is so wide, that we should exceed all pardonable bounds, were we to attempt to exhaust it. The author's character, as a metaphysical writer, if it stood only on his celebrated *Essay on Beauty*, would entitle him to rank in the highest class of mental inquirers. It is needless for us to criticise a performance so universally known and appreciated, wherever the philosophy of mind is cultivated. We are also compelled to pass, without the notice it deserves, another class of these essays, which, perhaps, form the most entertaining part of the collection: we mean those general accounts or abstracts of works of lighter literature, in which his office and object was not so much either to praise or to condemn, as to cull the beauties, and distil them for his readers. Such are the articles on Mrs. Hutchinson's *Memoirs*, Lady M. W. Montague, Madame du Duffand, Pepys, Cumberland, and the novelists. The light, easy, gossiping style in which they are treated, make the reader acquainted with the author, without his attention being distracted by the reviewer's

individual speculations. After the formal introduction is over, he lets the author tell his own story, but never at such length as to be tedious, and interposes whenever the spirit of the interview begins to flag. But, although much might be said of these things, and of others, our limits compel us to desist. "Mira illis dulcedo, mira suavitas, mira hilaritas," and truly may we add, "*cujus gratiam cumulat sanctitas scribentis.*"* For, though we have endeavored, with what accuracy we could, to form a calm estimate of the work, we cannot disguise how difficult we find it to assume the critic, when there stands before us one whom Scotland has so much reason to honor. It has been his enviable lot, if not to attain all the prizes of ambition for which men strive, at least to unite in himself those qualities which, in many, would have secured them all. A place in the front rank of literature in a most literary age—the highest honor of his profession, spontaneously conferred by the members of a bar strong in talent and learning,—eloquence among the first of our orators, and wisdom among the wisest, and universal reverence on that judicial seat, which has derived increased celebrity from his demeanor—a youth of enterprise—a manhood of brilliant success—and "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," encircling his later years—mark him out for veneration to every son of that country, whose name he has exalted throughout Europe. We need not speak here of those graces of mind and of character, that have thrown fascination over his society, and made his friendship a privilege. Our rod of office drops from our hand: we remember the warning—we were trust not too rashly disregarded—

"Nec tu divinam Æneida tenta,
Sed longe sequare, et vestigia semper adora!"

A HUSBAND WON IN A LOTTERY.—On Tuesday morning a marriage was celebrated at St. George's-in-the-East which attracted many spectators. The bride was Ann M'Cormick, an exceedingly pretty girl, who belonged to Rain's £100 school, and the bridegroom, William Chinnery, a smart young fellow belonging to the Wellesclose-square division of the fire-brigade. Mr. Rains, the benevolent donor, by his will left a sufficient sum of money to support forty girls, to be elected from the parochial schools, for four years. At the end of that period they are sent out to service, and, upon attaining the age of nineteen, and their characters being irreproachable, they become eligible to draw in a lottery for a husband. Two marriages take place in every year—namely, one upon the merry first of May, or sweeps' day, and the other on the 5th of November, or Guy Faux's Day; and on the morning of each of those days a drawing takes place for the first of May or 5th of November, as the case may be, and Miss M'Cormick, having drawn the prize on the 1st of May last, was, of course, the next for preferment. When the lucky ticket is drawn, the next thing to be done by its fortunate owner is to look out for

an eligible partner, (not a Roman Catholic, for they, according to the will of the testator, are ineligible,) in the parishes of St. George-in-the-East, St. Paul, Shadwell, or St. John of Wapping, and, this being done, a notice is given to the trustees for their approval. In this instance Miss M'Cormick's choice fell upon the "waterman-fireman," and, the trustees having no reason to find fault with his good looks or fair fame, nothing more was left but to go through the happy ceremony. In the evening, according to the usual custom, a dinner took place at the institution, at which the bride, bridegroom, and several of their party attended, and, after the health of the happy couple was given, the chairman presented the bridegroom with 100 new sovereigns, in a bag, as the bridal portion from the institution.—*Britannia.*

SIDE LOCKS.

CERTAINLY the queerest governors under the sun are General Napier and General Sir Robert Wilson.

A correspondent has sent us the following copy of a most extraordinary order to the troops at Gibraltar—

"GENERAL ORDER OF SIR ROBERT WILSON TO THE
TROOPS AT GIBRALTAR.

"The practice of wearing long side-locks of hair, which when they are not well plastered down hang like so many tallow candles, had crept into the garrison before the governor's arrival; but they are so unmartial in appearance, and so untidy in wear, that he would desire on that account alone to see them done away with.

"To those who patronize long side-locks in the erroneous idea that it improves their looks in the opinion of the world at large, the governor can offer an exemplary consolation by referring them to her Majesty's Foot Guards, who, having their hair cut strictly in conformity with the regulations, are more generally admired by all classes, and both sexes, than any other Household Troops in Europe. By his Excellency's command.

(Signed) "D. FALLA, Major of Brigade."

The folly and insolence of this require no comment. Both folly and insolence were, however, to be expected from Sir Robert Wilson—folly, because it was always in him; and insolence, because it belongs to the character of a renegade, as the consciousness of being despised makes a man eager to affront and worry all within his power. The natural propensity of the degraded is always to degrade, and it will invariably be remarked that in proportion to the want of the world's respect is the tendency to disregard what is due to the feelings of others. Such nonsensical impertinence as we have quoted could only have been directed by a man who had once been stripped of his coat, and who had afterwards turned his coat.—*Examiner.*

[One of the London mayors remitted a fine, on condition that the culprit should have his hair cut; and he even overcame the difficulty arising from want of means, by paying a shilling out of his own pocket to the barber, who performed the operation in his lordship's court. The Examiner is very angry at Sir Robert Wilson, but may be assured that he cannot excite the indignation of Christendom.]

* Plin. Ep. 3. 1.

From the Spectator.

FRASER'S DARK FALCON.*

THIS Persian fiction of Mr. Fraser is perhaps the completest fulfilment that can be conceived of an *historical* romance; where the history and historical persons of a given period are so intermixed with the events and characters of the fiction that it is difficult to tell which predominates. This is accomplished in *The Dark Falcon* by selecting a period of history full of remarkable persons and strikingly strange events; so that the truth itself is stranger than fiction, at least to European experience. The romance is closely conjoined with the history by connecting its hero with the fortunes of the brave and generous Prince Jaaffer Koole Khan, and the heroine, as it turns out, with the royal family; whilst some of the lesser public events of the period are made to influence the conduct of the tale. At the same time, this close intermixture of history and romance may be somewhat injurious to the interest of the work as a novel—to that rapid movement and enchainment of attraction which carry the reader breathlessly along and nail him to the book. There is, indeed, no lack of sustained interest in *The Dark Falcon*; though it extends to four volumes, the reader has no desire to quit it unfinished: but the magnet is rather in the history, or the manners and scenery, than in the romance proper. The character of the eunuch monarch, Aga Mahomed Khan, is perceived with nice discernment, developed with remarkable power, and maintained with consummate skill. Notwithstanding the lofty courage, daring resolution, and kindly feeling of his brother Jaaffer Koole, that stern and politic tyrant maintains over the mind of the reader the spell which he exercised in real life; nor, such is the art and knowledge of the author, do the atrocities exercised create that horror which in more unskilful hands they would surely have excited—they seem in the pages of Mr. Fraser to be appropriate to the age and people.

There is a like strength and interest in the historical incidents, from the scenes at the audience of the Shah to the battle near Shiraz between the competitors for the crown: they have the truthfulness of a description by an observer, though very often by an observer endowed with ubiquity; and bear testimony to the statement of Mr. Fraser in his preface, that he derived much of his knowledge from persons who were actors in the scenes, and, in the case of the arrest and blinding of the Shah's brother, Mustapha, from the sufferer himself. The manners, characters, and scenery of the lesser occurrences, or of the incidents connected with the romance, are equally truthful, and carry the stamp of actual knowledge; the delineation wearing the appearance of a transcript from nature, whatever objection may be urged to the

probability of the incident. Still, the interest is not properly that of a novel, nor perhaps will its attraction be very great for the mere herd of novel-readers. The larger events are history vivified; the camp and adventure scenes, together with the natural descriptions, are those of an animated and dramatic traveller: in short, though the form of the work is fictitious, its matter is essentially that of a history and a book of travels, animated by a dramatic spirit, and generally presented in a dramatic form.

The scene of *The Dark Falcon* is laid in the central and north-eastern parts of Persia and the adjacent regions of Toorkestan, or more intelligibly Tartary: the period is during the latter part of the last century, when the country was convulsed by the rival claims of the Zend and Kajar families to the throne; the fortunes of the Kajar Aga Mahomed being finally triumphant, after destroying by open war or politic murder all competitors and most opponents, including his own brothers. The point of time in Mr. Fraser's work is when the star of Mahomed was gaining the ascendant, and the anarchy in his own more immediate territory somewhat subdued; though his Zend opponent was still able to make head against him, whilst many restless or disaffected chiefs were ready to revolt at any fair opportunity. In one sense, no doubt, Mahomed is the chief figure of the whole; but the direct historical interest is in the character, career, and murder of Jaaffer Koole Khan; the gallant chief being a principal actor in all the scenes in which his brother's fortunes are concerned.

The romance, reduced to its elements, is of a slight character. Osman, surnamed the Dark Falcon from his quickness of sight, is a Toorkoman slave, supposed to have been carried off in a foray made into Persia. Treated with kindness by his master, the chief of the tribe, he becomes attached to that chieftain's daughter; but is forced, on the discovery of his passion, to leave the camp and trust to fortune. Chance introduces him to Jaaffer Koole as a guide; in a snow-storm on the mountains he is a means of saving his life; and henceforth becomes his confidential attendant, and distinguishes himself in the battles and skirmishes that ensue, rising even to the notice of royalty. In the interim, his mistress, Zuleika, has been subjected to various distresses, from the hatred of a stepmother, and claimants for her hand: but a strange woman, a kind of Asiatic Meg Merilles, with an attendant imp, and a half-supernatural Dervish, are ever present to protect Zuleika, as well as Osman when he attempts her rescue, sometimes by himself, and sometimes by an officer of the Shah. The final result may be readily divined, but we will not directly anticipate the conclusion.

The wild and anarchical state of life in the countries which are the scene of Mr. Fraser's tale, like a similar social condition in Europe formerly,

* The Dark Falcon; a Tale of the Attrack. By J. B. Fraser, Esq., author of the Kuzzilback, &c.

gives probability to stirring events and rapid changes of fortune; to which the peculiarity of Oriental manners imparts both freshness and character. Singular, therefore, as many of the scenes may be, they do not wear an unnatural appearance. The machinery, however, has this peculiarity—it is not “explained.” The extraordinary knowledge attributed to Fakeereh, the weird woman, may be ascribed to her connexion with the religious body of the dervishes; but there are some points that have a more supernatural character, and leave the reader almost as puzzled as the persons before whom the miracles are worked. There is also, perhaps, too melodramatic a character given to certain parts of the romance: the interest is that of the stage “situation” which Sheridan ridiculed in the dagger-incident of *The Critic*.

We have indirectly spoken of the matter, force of style, and sustained interests of *The Dark Falcon*, as well as the verisimilitude of its Asiatic manners; but there is probably something of heaviness about the descriptive and narrative parts, arising from over fullness and the wish of the author to convey information; whilst, although the Asiatic character is well sustained throughout, the effect is produced by engrafting—the original stock is English. This perhaps is no defect; in places where history is told by means of dialogue or discourse it is a merit for the general reader; but, if our memory may be trusted, the style of *The Dark Falcon* is not so racily Asiatic as that of the *Ayesha* of Morier; and the handling, in painter phrase, is not so light.

The most conspicuous person of *The Dark Falcon*, if not the true hero, is unquestionably Mahomed; and as the work is to be considered as much a history as a romance, we will introduce that personage to the reader.

THE MONARCH AND HIS VIZIER.

In an apartment of small dimensions, and plainly though comfortably furnished according to the fashion of the country, and beside a blazing fire of wood, sat a personage who at first sight might have been taken for a youth, so slight was his figure and such parts of his limbs as were visible, and so small his beardless countenance. But a more attentive glance would have satisfied the beholder, that the high expanding forehead, corrugated by lines of deep thought, and the brows strongly knit over eyes contracted by habitual suspicion, yet bright and restless, glancing at every object, but seldom remaining fixed on any, belonged to a riper age. The general cast of the countenance was grave and anxious, though at times lit up with a gleam of fiercer expression. The mould of the features was noble, and the nose in particular, though somewhat too long, was straight and well shaped; but doubts might have been entertained as to the sex of the being to whom these attributes pertained, for the thin upper lip was destitute of mustachios, nor was a symptom of beard to be discovered on the hollow cheeks or long oval chin, from under which the skin hung in wrinkles over the shrivelled neck. Yet would the beholder have paused in pronouncing the per-

son to be a female; for there was a tone of resolute decision upon the pale brow, an air of mental strength and firmness in the outline of the lower jaw, and a capacity in the skull, seldom to be found save in the male sex. Nor were these delusive tokens; for he whom we have thus attempted to present to our readers was no other than the celebrated Aga Mahomed Khan, then not quite forty-four years of age, and unquestionably the ablest as he was the most remarkable man of his age and country, at this time ruler only of the northern provinces, but afterwards undisputed sovereign of the Persian empire.

He was habited in a loose chogha, or cloak of brown cloth, lined with fur, rather the worse for wear, which enveloped him from shoulder to foot, concealing all his other habiliments, save when the thrusting forth of an arm displayed an equally shabby sleeve and vest of dark-colored cotton stuff. His head was covered with a cap of black velvet embroidered with gold, a good deal tarnished. Before him, on the thick felt carpet on which he sat, was placed his cullumdaun, or writing case, with a roll of paper and several notes; beside it, on a square piece of padded silk, lay an old-fashioned watch in a shagreen case; and beyond these, ready for use, was placed his gold-mounted scimitar, its curved blade encircling and guarding as it were the other and yet more powerful implements; an arrangement which, though probably fortuitous, afforded an apt type of the chief's own mind, relying as it did rather on policy and foresight than force—on the head and the pen rather than the hand and sword, and regarding the latter but as subsidiary to the former—a means of resort only when these had failed, but then, indeed, to be used with unsparing severity.

The only other person in the apartment was a man of middle size, and rather slender frame, whose features were expressive at once of grave sagacity and deep respect. This was Meerza Sheffeah, at that time the principal and confidential minister of state. He wore a fur-lined robe, greatly superior in appearance and value to that which enveloped his master, and, even at this early hour, the shawl-wound cap and red stockings used by the nobles of Persia when in attendance on their sovereign: for, so jealous in matters of respect was the Khan, and so tenacious of ceremony, that, though careless often to slovenliness of his own appearance, he suffered no one to approach his presence without due attention to all observances.

We will next exhibit him in action. Whilst besieging Shiraz, the Zend chief, his competitor for the empire, has suddenly marched to its relief with the whole of his forces, reinforced by some new allies; and though the monarch had received information of the plan, and Osman, the Dark Falcon, had discovered their approach, the king was not aware of their strength.

“Imperfect as his information was, it had put him so far in his enemy's secret as to save himself the ruin of a surprise: yet for the magnitude of the attacking force he was not prepared; and it required all his powers of mind and indomitable resolution to compensate for the consequences of this unfortunate ignorance. He speedily saw, that not only had he to sustain the attack of a large and regular army instead of a mere detachment—

to fight a general action instead of merely detaching a party to skirmish or repel a common attack; and that he had to do with well-trained troops, such as would try the metal of even his own hardy veterans. But his courage was equal to the emergency; and it would have delighted a cool observer of human character to watch the kindling eye of the Kajar chief, and the workings of his powerful mind, as, like a veteran and experienced champion, he nerved himself for the struggle. His mean, almost insignificant figure seemed to swell into importance as he cast his eye over the conflicting tides of men, with the proud consciousness that his was the master spirit which was able to direct the storm himself had put in motion.

"The rapidly increasing light had not only made it clear to the Shah that it was with the whole force of the Zend he had now to cope, but showed him the formidable materials of which it was composed; and as he saw body after body of well-mounted cavalry dashing boldly forward to outflank his own forces, he could not but own that they were as gallantly led as they were ably manoeuvred; and his charges to each officer of his own troops, as he led his men to oppose the attack, or support a party of hard-pressed combatants, became more and more earnest and impressive. To some his orders were given aloud in the rapid and eager tones of command, while to others they were conveyed in whispered tones and with studied secrecy. The extension of the conflict in front, which waxed hotter and more violent as the morning advanced, so fully occupied the faculties of every one in that quarter, even of the Shah himself, that attention was almost wholly withdrawn from the rear and the rest of the camp, until the shouts and uproar on the extreme left gave signal that something had occurred there; and more than one breathless messenger came running to announce that a party having made their way round under cover of the twilight, were now attacking the almost defenceless rear.

"A flush of rage darkened the Shah's countenance as he learned this disaster. 'What has become of Allaverdee Khan?' said he; 'is he not at his post?'

"'He is there, and he fights,' replied the messenger; 'but he requires assistance, for they appear to be mustering for a sally in the city, and his men are few.'

"'Abbas Koolee Beg,' said the Shah, 'take two hundred of these gholams and support Allaverdee Khan. Tell him not to appear in our presence till he has repulsed the enemy, and can bring us a hundred heads—on his own be it. Let three horsemen take different ways to the camp of Allee Koolee Khan; desire him to bring what force he can spare from the defence of his own position, to cut off those who may come from the city. Well, Batehah, what news?' demanded he of Osman, who at that moment had come up all bloody, to tell that there was fighting also on the right.

"'Hah! then Jaaffer Koolee has his share too. Ride, boy, ride: tell him he must beat them at once. It is but a false attack to keep him from the main work here. Tell him to leave a thousand men to guard the camp, to scatter these fellows with the rest of his force, and come hither with all speed: he will judge for himself what to do, when he arrives and sees how things are—away!'

"Osman had not been gone many minutes,

when a matchlock ball, many of which were now whistling by, and occasionally wounding or prostrating one of the royal attendants, struck some part of the king's riding gear, and marked the bright side of his charger with a bloody line. His majesty, scarce noticing the circumstance, kept his eyes intently fixed upon the contending throng, which was swaying hither and thither at various points, under the impulse of any chance advantage, as a field of growing corn may be seen to wave when agitated by a brisk breeze. But the vizier and officers nearest the royal person getting alarmed, began to represent the danger of such exposure, and to entreat that the 'Centre of the Universe' would retire to a safer position. Unheeding their importunities, his majesty continued directing his eagle gaze with fixed interest towards one point of the conflict, where the agitation of the combatants was evidently increasing; and even through the gathering dust their opening ranks might be seen to give way before a small band of horsemen, headed by one upon a dark charger, as the small birds flee before the hawk.

"At length, his majesty exclaimed impatiently, 'Art thou fool or traitor, Meerza? Is it a time to speak of the Shah quitting his post, when yon plume is exalting itself so high upon the field, and the hoofs of that devil are treading out the souls of my soldiers? Are we to hide our face while that black cloud still overshadows the plain? Ah, Mustapha! oh for one good charge of thine! Ai Jaaffer Koolee, Jaaffer Koolee! would to God thou wert there! soon would that falcon flee before the stoop of the eagle.' And as he said this, he turned his head towards the right, and gazed wistfully on the dense cloud of dust and smoke that had enveloped all the plain in that direction, as if his eye could have pierced it; but all was hopelessly obscure, and he again looked with increasing anxiety upon the scene before him. It was now too clear that his troops, pressed home by the animated charge of the gallant Looft Allee, were giving ground: to support them was absolutely necessary; and his Majesty, with his habitual coolness, was issuing the order that would have almost utterly denuded his person of its guards, when a loud shout arose from the dense cloud on the right; and in a few moments the Zendees in that quarter might be seen giving way and scattering before a dark body of horsemen, who seemed bursting from the wreath of smoke and dust.

"The king cut short his words—for one moment his head was turned with breathless eagerness towards the right; and in the next his eye flashed, and waving his sword on high with uncontrollable emotion, he exclaimed, 'By the soul of my father, Jaaffer Koolee! yah-Allah! have at them, men, have at them!' Carried on by the enthusiasm of the moment, he struck his heels into his horse's sides, and bounded forward a pace or two: but the undue impulse was momentary; recollection returned, and the Shah was again the same calm, imperturbable, self-possessed being as before.

The true hero of the book is, we think, the monarch's brother, Jaaffer Koolee; for his gallant bearing and humane spirit fix the attention of the reader; and his death overtakes him as if it were a word of destiny, or, to do justice to the author, it naturally exhibits the Mahometan's belief in

predestination. The scenes attending it, too, are all drawn with great force and knowledge of human nature,—especially the midnight interview between the monarch and his minister, when the former first avows his purpose; and the arts by which Mahomed cajoles his brother into his power, in spite of the warnings and entreaties of his friends. We can only find room for the closing scene, when Jaaffer has been entrapped and seized under the pretence of inspecting a new palace.

"The hours of Jaaffer Coolee were indeed numbered. His last sands were in the glass. The sun had set—the voices of the muezzins calling the faithful to prayer had ceased—the shrill clangor of the Nokara khaneh announced that the time for relieving the palace-guards had arrived. The heart of the prisoner throbbed from time to time as these familiar sounds smote his ear for the last time; and again he thought of the days when, light and free as others, he too had mingled in these busy scenes—scenes which for him were now to cease forever. They would continue as before, and the sun would rise and set, and rise again to others, while to him—his heart heaved at the thought, but he quelled the rising emotion, and smiled as in scorn of his own weakness.

"At that moment his attention was attracted by the sound of approaching footsteps. The darkness which had for some time reigned in his prison was invaded by a gleam of red light, which flashed through a crevice in the door. It opened, and the prisoner, though dazzled by the glare of a flaming torch, could discern four men entering the apartment. Half-blinded as he was, one glance sufficed; for well did he know the Furoshhâ-e-ghuzub, the ministers of wrath, clad in the sombre garb of their office; and well, too, did he know their errand.

"Ye are come!" said the Khan, as, ranging themselves before him, they regarded him in ominous silence. 'The Shah has sent ye: say, what are his majesty's commands! Speak, is it blindness or death! Fear not to tell, for I fear not to suffer.'

"But the men, awed or confounded by the unthought boldness of their victim, still kept silence.

"Speak!" said the Khan authoritatively; 'declare my fate. What is the Shah's order!'

"Behold the Shah's firman!" replied the Nasackchee in charge; and, pointing to the fatal cord in the Furosh's hand, he added, 'His commands are death!'

"Alhumdulillah!" exclaimed the Khan. 'Praise be to God! My brother! my brother! even yet thou art kind! Better, far better death, than blindness. Better that Jaaffer Koolee should die as he has lived, and bless thee, than exist but to suffer, like the wretched Mustapha! Bismillah! Men, we are ready. There is but one God, and Mahomed is his prophet!'

"With these words he stretched forth his bare neck to his murderers. The deadly cord immediately encircled it; and in another minute, almost before the mind could force itself to form the thought, there remained of the gallant and noble Jaaffer Koolee but a strangled lifeless corpse.

"When Baba Khan, after hearing, not witness-

ing his uncle's seizure, returned to the Shah, and, with much emotion, apprized him of the event, a sudden gleam of joy lighted up his features with a fiendish smile, and then all was cold and calm again; nor did the uncle and nephew meet again until the hour of their evening repast. It was served in the very apartment where the last interview between the king and his hapless brother had so lately been held, and at the very hour when both knew that the murder was to take place. Yet never had Aga Mahomed been apparently more composed or free from uncomfortable feelings. He was even less thoughtful and morose than was his wont; and ate with an excellent appetite of a particular dish, which he declared to be remarkably well dressed. Not so the Baba Khan. He regarded his terrible uncle with more than usual awe; and as he himself has since declared, every morsel he tried to swallow stuck in his throat, for the thought of what was at that very moment going on turned him deadly sick.

"Scarcely could he utter a word in reply to the few remarks addressed to him by the Shah, who, when their meal was ended, bade him rise and follow him. The young man obeyed trembling, as his uncle led the way into the garden; where, stretched at length in the moonlight, the eyes wide open and staring from their sockets, yet with the smile of resignation still lingering on its lips, lay the body of his victim.

"The king gazed long upon the ghastly countenance; then planting his foot upon the chest of his dead brother, he exclaimed, with a long-drawn breath, 'Ai Jaaffer Koole! thou art now at rest—and so am I!'

"He paused for a while; then turning to his nephew, who, sick and trembling, stood behind, he burst into a passionate flood of tears, and upbraided him as the cause of his destroying the brother whom he best loved. 'It is for thee, wretched boy!—for thy sake that I have done this accursed deed!—for thee I have been guilty of the basest ingratitude, and deeply sinned against God and against man! Had that gallant spirit remained on earth, thou never couldst have reigned in Persia. But,' continued he in a lower tone, 'our oath must be kept,—if not with the living, at least with the dead. Let the body be forthwith conveyed beyond the city: let it be delivered to his own people; but let it not remain even a night within the walls!' Having uttered these words, telling his beads, and muttering the customary Alhumdulillahs and Subhânullahs, he returned slowly to his own apartments."

The book is indifferently printed in regard to the Oriental names; or rather, it seems not to have been properly corrected. The same word is differently spelt in different places, sometimes in nearly the same page; which to many readers will be a source of bewilderment.

A NEW CASE.—The question of whether the crown can grant a commutation of capital punishment in opposition to the wish of the culprit, has been raised at the Hague, and resolved in the following manner:—Two men, named Fox and Van Link, who were condemned to death, refused to solicit their pardon. The king, however, commuted their punishment to that of being flogged, and having their neck marked with a rope, which sentence was executed on the 26th ult.—*Constitutionnel*.

From the Edinburgh Review.

On the Nature of Thunderstorms, and on the Means of Protecting Buildings and Shipping against the Destructive Effects of Lightning.
By W. SNOW HARRIS, F. R. S. 8vo. London: 1843.

WHEN, in a day calm and serene, we look upwards to and around the region of the sky, the eye encounters no obstacle in its survey, and freely penetrates the depths of space to the remotest limits of its range. No terrestrial element dims the transparency of the pure ether,—no veil hides the face of the god of day; and the tremulous ray of the minutest and most distant star finds an easy path across the unfathomable void. The blue vault which enwraps us alone indicates the diffusion of attenuated matter; but its cool and spotless azure, like the breast of the dove, embodies only innocence and peace. Even the sounds of the material and the busy world are thrown back in subdued murmurs from the sky; and in this general repose of nature, and throughout "the abyss where sparkle distant worlds," the sharpest scrutiny can descry no element of change or of mischief. While the verdant earth, indeed, remains firm beneath his feet, man anticipates no descending danger, and the upturned eye looks but for blessings from above.

This pure and peaceful character of the firmament we contemplate, is but the normal condition which marks the rest and equilibrium of the elements. Unseen and unfelt there encompasses our globe a girdle of air, as translucent as empty space, and so thin and impalpable, that we neither feel its pressure nor experience its resistance. Even when we inhale it, and live by its inhalation, we are not sensible that we have drawn into our system anything that is material. Yet is this invisible and almost intangible element instinct with mysterious properties, and charged with superhuman powers. The green and fermenting earth projects into it its noxious exhalations; the decaying structures of organic life let loose their poisonous ingredients; and even living beings, while appropriating its finer elements, ungratefully return the adulterated residue into the ethereal granary. Thus does the pabulum of life become a polluted and deleterious compound. The noble organizations of living nature languish under its perilous inspiration; while disease and pestilence either decimate the people, or pursue their epidemic round, demanding at every stage their hecatomb of victims.

When the earth, revolving round its axis, has received from the sun its daily measure of light and of heat, different zones on its surface, and different portions of its mass—the aqueous expanse, the sandy desert, the rankly luxuriant jungle, the rocky mountain crest—all give out their hoarded caloric in unequal and commingling streams. The homogeneity and equilibrium of the elastic medium is thus speedily destroyed; the cold and dense air rushes into the more heated and rarefied regions; and the whole atmosphere around us becomes agitated with coinciding or conflicting currents. Here the zephyr breathes its softest murmurs, awakening the Eolian lyre to its most plaintive strains, and scarcely turning the twittering aspen leaf on its stalk; there the gale sweeps along, howling amidst the darkened forests, bending the majestic pines in its path, and hurrying the freighted bark to its port; and yonder the tornado cuts its way

through the mightiest forests, making sport of the dwellings and strongholds of man, and dashing to the bottom of the deep the proudest of his floating bulwarks.

But while the heated air thus sweeps, in gale or in tempest, over the waters of the ocean, or rests in peace on its glassy breast, it carries upwards, by its ascending currents, the aqueous vapors it has exhaled. The denser element reflects in all directions the light that falls upon it, and diffused in mists, or accumulated in clouds, the atmosphere teems with opaque masses, which conceal the azure vault, and obstruct even the fiercest rays of a meridian sun. Here they float in majestic dignity, the aerial leviathans of the sky, veiling and unveiling the luminary which gave them birth. There they marshal their rounded fleeces, or arrange their woolly ringlets, or extend their tapering locks—now shining like the new-fallen snow—now flushed with the red of the setting sun; but ever in pleasing harmony with the blue expanse which they adorn, and the purple landscape which they crown.

Over this lovely portrait of aerial nature, the curtain of night falls—and rises but to exhibit scenes of varied terror and desolation. While the solar heat is converting into vapor the water and moisture of the earth, electricity is freely disengaged during the process. The clouds which this vapor forms exhibit different electrical conditions, though the electricity of the atmosphere, when serene, is invariably the same. Hence the descent of clouds towards the earth, their mutual approach, the force of atmospheric currents, and the ever-varying agencies of heat and cold, convert the aerial envelope of our globe into a complex electrical apparatus, spontaneously exhibiting, in a variety of forms, the play and the conflict of its antagonist powers. As St. Elmo's fire, the slightly liberated electricity tips the yard-arms and masts-top of ships with its brilliant star, its ball of fire, or its lambent flame. At the close of a sultry day, and above level plains, the opposite electricities of the earth and the air effect their reunion in noiseless flashes of lightning,—illuminating as it were, in far-spread sheets, the whole circuit of the horizon, and the entire canopy of its clouds. At other times the same elements light up the Arctic constellations with their restless wildfires—now diffusing their phosphoric flame, and flitting around in fitful gleams, as if keeping time to the music of the spheres—and now shooting up their auroral columns, advancing, retreating, and contending, as if in mimicry of mortal strife.

But these various displays of the power of electricity, however much they may startle ignorance and alarm superstition, are always unattended with danger; and form a striking contrast with the full development of its unbridled and unbalanced fury. When, after a long drought, the moisture of an overloaded atmosphere is accumulated in massive clouds, animated by opposite electricities and driven by antagonist currents, the reunited elements compress, as it were, in their fiery embrace their teneaments of sponge;—and cataracts of rain, and showers of hail, and volleys of stony meteors are thrown down upon the earth, desolating its valleys with floods, and crushing its vegetation by their fall. Even in our temperate zone, but especially under the raging heats of a tropical sun, this ferment and explosion of the elements is more terrific still. As if launched from an omnipotent arm, the red lightning-bolt cuts its way to the earth, now transfixing man and beast in its course; now rend-

ing the smitten oak with its wedges of livid fire; now shivering or consuming the storm-tossed vessel; now shattering cloud-capt towers and gorgeous dwellings—nor even sparing the holy sanctuary, the hallowed dome, or the consecrated spire. And no sooner has the bolt crushed its victim, and the forked messenger secured his prey, than the peals of its rattling artillery rebound from cloud to cloud, and from hill to hill, as if the God of Nature were pronouncing the perdition of ungodly men, and as if the heavens, “waxed old as a garment,” were about to be wrapped up in the fervent heat of the elements. During this rehearsal of the day which is to come “as a thief in the night,” heaven seems to be in fierce conflict with earth—man the sufferer—and God the avenger. The warrior turns pale;—the priest stands appalled at his altar;—the prince trembles on his throne. Even dumb life, sharing the perils of its tyrant, is stricken with fear. The war-horse shakes under his rider;—the eagle cowers in his cleft of rock;—the sea-bird screams in its flight, and universal life travails with one common dread of the giant arm which thus wields the omnipotence of the elements.

That phenomena such as these, destructive of life and property, should have been imperfectly studied and described by the ancients, cannot fail to surprise us; but our surprise becomes somewhat abated, when we consider how little has been done in modern times, after electricity became a science, either in studying its destructive agencies, or in providing against their aggressions. The carelessness of individuals in protecting their property against lightning has doubtless arisen, in many cases, from a distrust in the resources of science; but it may have originated also in a suspicion, that some unwise minister might tax this species of protection as an insurance against fire; or, perchance, punish it as an insidious invasion of the window duty, through a light borrowed from above.* But however plausibly we may account for the skepticism and improvidence of individuals, we cannot make the same apology for the ignorance and negligence of public men, intrusted with the property and wielding the powers of the state. If we must not expect to have, like the Romans, our *Ediles plebei minores*, and still less their *Ediles cereales*,† to keep the poor from starvation, why should we be deprived of *Ediles majores*, who, in their curule-chairs on chariots, might look after our palaces, our temples, and our public monuments? Rather than that the obelisks of our heroes and sages should be dislocated or thrown down, and our towers and spires shivered by the thunderbolt, we would tolerate any edile from the treasury or the home-office, any Verres, even though he might insist upon forcing into the perpendicular the elegantly sloping columns of the Temple of Vesta‡, or effecting an equitable adjustment, *à plomb*, of the pillars and buttresses of the state.

After Britain had become a great naval power, covering the ocean with her ships of commerce and of war, we might have expected some ener-

getic measures for protecting the adventurous mariner and his far-floated cargo, when fire and tempest simultaneously assailed them;—but when great interests on shore were committed to inefficient hands, it was scarcely to be expected that great interests at sea would be better managed. If boards of longitude consisted of rear-admirals who had forgotten their lunars, and politicians who had visited only one side of the Asses' Bridge;—if fishery boards consisted of notables who ate fish, but could not catch them;—if trustees for manufactures had no knowledge of what was intrusted to them;—and if light-house boards were composed of lawyers and burgh bailies, who could hardly choose a pair of spectacles—we need not wonder that the hapless seaman was allowed to perish at his mast-foot, and our “hearts of oak” to be rent by the lightning, or consumed by its fires.

Under such circumstances, we ought to congratulate the public on the appearance of Mr. Harris' work; or rather, perhaps, on Mr. Harris' success in compelling a reluctant government to take up the subject, as a national question demanding national encouragement and support. As in all other great improvements, some previous steps had been taken for the protection of ships and buildings, and officers of scientific acquirements had pointed out the necessity of a more perfect system of protection. Even the ancients themselves, who had no knowledge of electricity, seem to have exercised some ingenuity in warding off the thunderbolt; and, though it may not be admitted by those who are accustomed to underrate their scientific achievements, we are persuaded that they not only used metallic conductors, but employed in some of their temples a more efficacious system of protection than we ourselves have yet introduced.

It is not very creditable to the scientific literature of our own country, that so little has been done in collecting and examining the notices and opinions of the ancients respecting the more remarkable phenomena of the atmosphere. Dr. Watson, indeed, has gathered from Phny, Seneca, Cæsar, and Livy, several passages descriptive of the electrical light which often tipped the masts of vessels, and the spears and lances of soldiers; but nothing worthy of notice has been gleaned respecting the destructive effects of thunderstorms, and the precautions which were taken for the protection of life and property.

In his commentaries on Virgil's sixth Eclogue, Servius,* a writer in the time of the younger Theodosius, observes that Prometheus *discovered*, and revealed to men the method of bringing down lightning from above, and that it was from this that he was said to have stolen fire from heaven. Among the possessors of the art he enumerates Numa, who had used it with impunity because he had employed it only in the service of the gods; and Tullus Hostilius, who, in consequence of having made an improper use of it, was struck dead with lightning, and all his property destroyed. The mythological history of Numa, as given by Ovid in his *Fasti*, has some analogy with the theft

* A hundred years hence, it will, perhaps, be scarcely believed that a government existed in the nineteenth century which prevented, by taxation, the light of heaven from entering our dwellings, and the free air from ventilating and cleansing them; and which also prohibited by impost the possessors of property from insuring it against destruction by fire!

† *Hibernice*, “keepers of corn in bond.”

‡ CICEERO, *Orat. in Verrem*. Act II. cap. li. See also this Journal, Vol. LXXVIII., p. 321, note.

* “Deprehendit præterea rationem fulminum eliciendorum, et hominibus indicavit; unde celestem ignem dicitur esse furatus: nam quædam arte ab eodem monstrata superius ignis eliciebatur, qui mortalibus profuit, donec eo bene usi sunt: nam postea malo hominum usu in perniciem eorum versi sunt.”—Servius in Virgil., Ecl. vi., line 42. Edit. Burman, tom. i., p. 99.

of fire by Prometheus. Aided by Mercury, Prometheus is said to have stolen fire from the chariot of the sun; but, what is more interesting, the theft was effected by *bringing down the celestial fire at the end of a ferula or rod*. In like manner, Numa, prompted by his wife, the goddess Egeria, succeeded in obtaining the same prize: by a species of robbery perpetrated on the sylvan deities Fannus and Martius Picus. Having placed in their way cups of perfumed wine, the thoughtless gods partook too freely of the beverage, and, when in a state of inebriety, were bound hand and foot by the Roman king. While struggling in vain to free themselves from their chains, Numa apologizes for the liberty he has taken—tells them he meant to do them no harm, and hints at the condition of their deliverance—

"Quoque modo possit fulmen monstrare piari."

To this bold request to know the method of expiating, or bringing down, or carrying off the impending lightning, Faunus gives a favorable answer:—

"Di sumus agrestes, et qui dominemur in altis
Montibus: arbitrium est in sua tela Jovi.
Hunc tu non poteris per te deducere celo:
At poteris nostrâ forsitan usus ope."

Picus also admits their possession of the *valida ars*, and their willingness to communicate it. The bargain is completed—the secret is conveyed—and a day fixed for putting it in practice. Numa and his attendants assemble in state. The sun's upper limb had just touched the horizon, when Numa, with his head veiled with a white covering, lifts up his hands and demands the fulfilment of the heavenly promise.

"Dum loquitur, totum jam Sol emerserat orbem:
Et gravis ætherio venit ab axe fragor.
Ter tonuit sine nube Deus, tria fulgura misit."

The sun threw his light over the whole earth—a tremendous crash was heard through the heavens. In a sky without a cloud, Jupiter sent forth three peals of thunder and three flashes of lightning. The heavens opened, and the sacred shield fell from above.

On the authority of Lucius Piso, an ancient annalist, both Livy and Pliny have given an account of the transmission to Tullus Hostilius of Numa's secret of bringing down lightning from heaven. Pliny says, that Tullus learned the art from the books of Numa, but having practised it incorrectly (*parum rite*) he was struck with lightning.* Pliny repeats nearly the same words in another place; but he there states also, on the authority of ancient annals, that *lightning could be forced from heaven by certain sacred rites*, or obtained by prayer; and he adds, that lightning had been thus *evoked* by Porcenna, king of the Volsci, and before his time repeatedly by Numa.†

* "L. Piso primo annalium auctor est, Tullum Hostilium regem ex Numa libris eodem, quo illum sacrificio Jovem cælo devocare conatum, quoniam parum rite quædam fecisset, fulmine ictum."—PLIN. lib. xxviii., cap. 2.

† Extat annalium memoria, sacris quibusdam, et precationibus, vel *cogi fulmina*, vel impetrari. Vetus fama Etruræ est, impetratum Volscinios urbem, agris depopulatis subeunte monstro, quod vocavere Voltam. Evocatum et a Porcenna suo rege. Et ante eum a Numa sæpius hoc facitatum, in primo annalium suorum tradit L. Piso, gravis auctor, quod imitatum parum rite Tullum Hostilium ictum fulmine.—PLIN. Hist. Nat. lib. ii., cap. 54.

Livy makes a similar statement, but more at length.*

It is evident, from various passages in ancient authors, that sovereigns who were ambitious of receiving divine honors, attempted to deceive their subjects by pretending to bring down lightning from heaven. According to Ovid and Dionysius Halicarnassus, Romulus, the eleventh king of Alba, invented a method of counterfeiting thunder and lightning. According to Eusebius, he effected this deception by making his soldiers strike their bucklers with their swords. The gods, however, were affronted at this usurpation of their weapons, and Romulus fell by a stroke of lightning.

"Fulmineo perit imitator fulminis ictu."

"He mock'd the lightning,—and by lightning fell."

Salmoneus, king of Elis, is said to have imitated thunder by driving his chariot over a bridge of brass, and to have darted burning torches on every side, in imitation of lightning; and, as a punishment of his impiety, Jupiter slew him by a thunderbolt. Eustathius, in his commentaries on the Odyssey, regards Salmoneus as a philosopher who was killed while carrying on experiments for the purpose of bringing down or imitating lightning; and M. Salverte believes that the king of Elis was actually bringing down lightning from the clouds, and that the process he employed was the *coactive* one referred to by Pliny. According to Dion Cassius and John of Antioch, Caligula employed a machine for imitating thunder and lightning, and for that purpose discharged a stone upwards to the sky during the time of a thunder-storm.

The earliest indication of a method of protecting houses from lightning, is referred to by Columella.† He distinctly states that Tarchon, who was the disciple of the magician Tages, and the founder of the Theurgy of the Etruscans, protected his house by *surrounding it with white vines*.

"Utque Jovis magni prohiberet fulmina Tarchon,
Sæpe suas sedes percinxit vitibus albis."

With the same view, the Temple of Apollo was surrounded with laurels,‡ which were supposed to have the property of keeping off lightning; and in Hindostan, fat or succulent plants were planted round houses, in order to defend them from lightning. M. Salverte§ ridicules these methods as inefficacious, and considers them as put forward by their authors, in order to conceal the true method which they possessed of protecting their temples and dwellings from the effects of lightning; but we are disposed to take a different view of the subject. If the trees which surround a house or a temple are sufficiently high, there can be no doubt that they will exercise a protective power not inferior to a regular system of conductors; but even if the temple exceeds them in height, they will operate as so many

* Ipsum regem (Tullum Hostilium) tradunt, volventem commentarios Numa, quum ibi quedam occulta sollemnia sacrificia Jovi Elicio facta invenisset, operatum his sacris se abdidisse: sed non rite initum aut curatum id sacrum esse: nec solum nullum ei oblatam celestium speciem, sed ira Jovis, sollicitati prava religione, fulmine ictum cum domo conflagrasse.—LIV. lib. i., cap. 31.

† De Re Rustica, lib. x.

‡ It is a curious fact that Pliny mentions the *laurel* as the only earthly production which lightning does not strike. "Ex iis quas terra gignuntur lauri fruticem non icit."—PLIN. Hist. Nat. lib. ii., cap. 56.

§ Des Sciences Occultes, tom. ii., p. 151.

points or conductors in discharging silently the free electricity of the atmosphere. If a house covered with succulent creepers were struck with lightning, we are persuaded that the electricity would be carried off by the conducting juices of the plant, and would not force its way into the walls of the building.

Pliny informs us, that in consequence of all the high towers between Terracina and the Temple of Feronia having been destroyed by lightning, the inhabitants ceased to build them in times of war. He states also that the lightning never descends into the ground deeper than five feet; and that, on this account, timid persons either seek for shelter in deep caverns, or cover their houses with the skins of seals, the only marine animal which the lightning does not strike!*

Without referring to the practices in Esthonia, of placing two knives upon a window to turn away the lightning—of putting a piece of iron into nests where eggs are hatching; or to a practice in the fifteenth century, of protecting ships by fixing a drawn sword on the mast,—we may adduce the historical fact mentioned by Ktesias, that iron collected in a particular manner, and shaped like a sword or pointed rod, had the property, when stuck in the ground, of turning away clouds, hail, and lightning. Ktesias† informs us, that he saw the experiment performed twice in the presence of the King of Persia. Imperati, a writer of the seventeenth century, states, that “at the castle of Duino it was an ancient practice, in the time of a storm, to sound the lightning. The sentinel touched with his iron pike a bar of iron raised upon a wall, and when he obtained a spark at the instant of contact, he immediately gave the alarm, and warned the shepherds of their danger.”

Striking as these facts are, we have still more unequivocal evidence that the ancients were acquainted with the use of thunder-rods. M. La Boissiere,‡ quoted by Salverte, discusses this subject in a learned Memoir, “on the knowledge of the ancients in the art of evoking and absorbing lightning.” He mentions a medal described by Duchoul,§ on which the temple of Juno, the goddess of air, has its roof armed with pointed rods; and other medals are referred to by the same author, with the inscription, “XV. Viri sacris faciundis,” and representing a fish covered with spines, and placed on a globe or on a patera. M. La Boissiere conceives that a fish on a globe armed with points, was the conductor employed by Numa to bring down lightning from the clouds.||

In a correspondence with M. Lichtenberg, “on the effect of points placed on the temple of Solomon,” Michaelis¶ observes, that during the lapse of a thousand years, the temple of Jerusalem

seems never to have been struck by lightning; * that a forest of spikes, gilt, or pointed with gold, and very acute, covered the roof of this temple; and that this roof must have communicated with the cisterns and subterraneous excavations in the hill on which the temple stood, by means of metallic water-pipes placed in connexion with the thick gilding, iron spikes, and lead which covered the exterior of the roof. Independently, therefore, of the gilding of the roofs, walls, beams, floors, and doors of every apartment, we have here a system of conductors not only more complete than those on the temple of Juno, but more complete than any system that has been employed in modern times. In his description of the exterior of the temple, Josephus† says that it was everywhere covered with very heavy plates of gold—πλατει γαρ χρυσε στιβαραις κακαλυμμενος παντοθεν; and that there rose upon the roof very sharp golden or gilt spikes or rods, to prevent the birds from defiling it—κατα κορυphen δε χρυσεως οβελους ανιχει τετευημενους, ως μη τινη προσκαθεζομενω μολυνοιτο των οριων. In describing the attack made by the priests upon the Romans, after the burning of the temple, Josephus says that they tore up the sharp spikes of the temple, and also their foundations, (τας ιδρας αυτων,) which were made of lead, and threw them as missiles against the enemy; and Reland, in his annotations on the passage, says, that these were the iron spikes (obelos ferreos) placed on the roof of the temple to keep off birds.‡

It is, we think, impossible to read the preceding details without a strong conviction, that the ancients possessed the secret of bringing down fire from heaven; and were acquainted with the general principles of protecting buildings from lightning, by metallic or other conductors. This knowledge, however, whatever may have been its amount, was possessed only by kings and priests, who never scrupled to wield it in support of despotism and superstition. The secret of the thunder-rod, like that of the other machinery of heathen worship, was completely concealed from the vulgar; and when, after the introduction of Christianity, it had lost its power as an instrument for deceiving the people, it seems also to have lost its value as an instrument for their protection. When the system of religious imposture which consecrated the pagan temples, fell to the ground, many of its secrets perished with the priests to whom they had been intrusted; and the few which modern ingenuity has been able to trace during their traditional disappearance, had been either appropriated by the magician, or formed the germ

* This statement, of course, does not admit of being proved. M. Arago justly observes, that if we consider how carefully ancient authors recorded the cases in which their public buildings were injured by lightning, it would be difficult to account for the silence of historians on this point, unless by admitting that Solomon's Temple never suffered from lightning.

A case of protection of an analogous nature has been exhibited in the cathedral of Geneva. Although the most elevated in the city, its great central tower has never been damaged by lightning for three hundred years, although the bell-tower of St. Gervaise, situated on a much lower level, has been frequently injured. Saussure, in 1771, discovered the cause of this. The tower in question, which was built of wood, was entirely covered from its highest point with tinned iron plates, which were connected at the base of the tower with different masses of metal on the roof, and these again communicated with the ground by means of metallic pipes, as in the case of the temple at Jerusalem.

† De Bell. Jud., Lib. V., cap. v., § 6.

‡ Ib. Lib. VI., cap. v., § 1.

* Ideo pavidii altiores specus tutissimos putant; aut tabernacula e pellibus belluarum quas vitulos appellat: quoniam hoc solum animal ex marinis non percutiat.—PLIN. Hist. Nat. lib. i., cap. 56. See also Josephus, Antiq. Jud. lib. iii. cap. vi. § 4, ad fin.

† KTESIAS in Indic. apud Photium, Bibl. Cod. lxxii., quoted by Salverte.

‡ Notice sur les Travaux de l'Académie du Gard, de 1812-1821. Nîmes, 1822.

§ Sur la Religion des Romains.

|| M. La Boissiere mentions another medal of doubtful authenticity, described and engraven by Pellerin, which bore the legend, Jupiter Elicius. Jupiter held the lightning in his hand, and below was represented a man directing a flying kite!

¶ Magazin Scientifique de Göttingue, 1783, III. Année; 5 cah., edited by M. Lichtenberg.

of those unhallowed illusions by which a Christian priesthood sought to sustain and extend its power.

It is a singular fact, that even when electricity had assumed a scientific aspect, and had, to a certain degree, been identified with lightning, the art of protection by conductors was utterly unknown. It was not till Franklin had demonstrated the identity of these two powerful agents, and had actually brought down lightning from the clouds by the conducting string of his electrical kite, that he conceived the idea of applying a thunder-rod to the protection of buildings. It was in the month of June, 1752, that he performed that celebrated experiment, by which he became the Prometheus of modern times, and earned a branch of the double laurel with which the democratic poet has crowned him—

“*Arripuit fulmen cælo—sceptrumque tyrannis.*”

A kite formed with a silk handkerchief, to enable it to bear the wet and violence of a thunderstorm, was raised in the usual manner with a line of twine, which terminated below in a silk riband, at the junction of which with the twine, a key was suspended. With the non-conducting riband in his hand, Franklin watched with impatience the approach of his kite to the thunder cloud. At last he saw with delight the loose filaments of the twine rising from it in all directions. His knuckle attracted them, and received a spark when applied to the key. When the conducting power of the string was increased by being wetted with rain, the electricity descended in a copious stream; a Leyden jar was charged at the key, and electrical experiments of various kinds performed with the celestial fire.

While the achievement of Prometheus was thus repeated in the New World, the fate of Tullus Hostilius was about to be suffered in the Old. The fame of Franklin's sublime experiment passed rapidly through Europe, and various philosophers had the courage to repeat it,—some with kites, and some with thunder-rods. In 1753, M. Romas received a severe shock from the string of his kite; and two French philosophers were struck down by the lightning, when they were drawing sparks from their apparatus. In the same year, Professor Richman of St. Petersburg erected a metallic rod for the purpose of measuring the strength of the electricity which it might bring down in a thunderstorm. When he was stooping to observe the effect of the electricity thus obtained, M. Sokolof, his companion, observed a globe of blue fire leap, with a report like that of a pistol, from the iron rod, and strike the head of the professor, who was then about a foot distant from it. The professor was instantly killed, and M. Sokolof fell upon the ground stifled and benumbed with a sort of steam or vapor which accompanied the fiery globe. There was a red spot on the forehead of Professor Richman, where the lightning seems to have entered, and a blue mark on the foot, from which it seemed to have made its escape.

No sooner had Franklin performed his experiment, than he applied conductors to the protection of public and private buildings. An apparatus, constructed according to his directions, was placed in the house of Mr. West, a merchant in Philadelphia; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that this conductor was actually struck with lightning, as if to display the value of the invention. An iron rod, more than half an inch in diameter, and

tapering to its upper end, was raised about nine and a half feet above the chimneys of the house. Its upper end terminated in a sharp-pointed brass wire about ten inches long, and a quarter of an inch thick; and its lower end was connected with an iron stake, which was driven into the ground to the depth of four or five feet. After being struck with lightning, Mr. West found that the top of the pointed rod was melted, and the brass wire reduced from ten to seven and a half inches in length; and, what was interesting and instructive, the iron stake did not carry off the electricity with sufficient quickness, for in this and in other thunderstorms, the lightning was seen diffused near the stake, covering two or three yards of the pavement even when it was wet with rain.

The subject of protecting public buildings from lightning now excited a general interest throughout Europe; and nowhere more intensely than in England, where the new science was studied with much ardor and success. Dr. Watson, one of the most active cultivators of electricity, when consulted by Mr. Calandrini respecting the best method of protecting powder magazines, recommended that the conducting apparatus should be detached from the buildings themselves, and connected with the nearest pool or current of water; but it does not appear that this or any other method of protection was adopted, even to a small extent. The ignorant world seldom extends its faith to scientific principles, even when self-interest is their counsellor; and, though at this time the advantages of lightning conductors were publicly discussed in London, and an accident occurred which might have occasioned their general adoption, yet the public and its advisers nevertheless looked on with as much indifference, as if the event had happened in another hemisphere. In the year 1750, the steeple of St. Bride's Church in London had been damaged by lightning; and in June, 1764, it was again struck by a powerful shock, which threw about seventy pounds of stone to a distance of fifty yards, and broke in two and bent one of the series of iron bars, about half an inch thick, which bound together the stonework of the spire. Entering the gilded vane at the summit of a vertical bar twenty feet long, the lightning made successive leaps from its extremity to the different horizontal bars which tied the different courses of stones, rending and tearing up the intermediate masonry in its course. So great was the damage, that it was necessary to *rebuild EIGHTY-FIVE FEET of the spire*, and yet neither the church-wardens nor the rate-payers ever thought of providing against a similar disaster. “My readers at a distance from London,” says Dr. Priestley,* (writing in 1767,) “will hardly believe me when I inform them, that the elegant spire which has been the subject of a great part of this section, and which has been twice damaged by lightning, is *now repaired without any metallic conductor* to guard it in case of a third stroke.”

It would not be an easy task, nor would it be a profitable one, to trace the history of the introduction of lightning conductors into different civilized states. Even after the lapse of nearly a century, and in countries where science has made the greatest progress, they have been used to a very limited extent; while in some, the prejudices of the people were roused against them. The first

* *History and Present State of Electricity*, p. 407.

conductor used in England was erected in 1762, at Payne's Hill, by Dr. Watson. In the year 1766, a lightning rod was put up in order to protect the fine tower of St. Mark's at Venice. This tower, which is above three hundred and sixty feet in altitude, terminates in a pyramid eighty-seven feet high, surmounted with the figure of an angel made of wood, and covered with copper. In 1398, when it was formed of wood, it was severely injured. In 1417, it was consumed by lightning. In 1489, it was again reduced to ashes; and after it was rebuilt in stone, it was injured by lightning in 1548, 1565, and 1653; and in 1745, it was struck with such a tremendous bolt, that the whole tower was rent in thirty-seven places, and almost destroyed. The expense of repairing it amounted to 8000 ducats. In 1761 and 1762, it was again severely injured; but since the erection of the conductor in 1766, it does not seem to have suffered from any of the effects of lightning. In 1768, a committee of the Royal Society was appointed for protecting St. Paul's from lightning; and they recommended iron bars not less than an inch square for securing the lantern. In 1769, a lightning-rod was erected in the great tower of Hamburg; and after the beautiful tower of the cathedral of Sienna had been repeatedly damaged by lightning, a conductor was raised upon it. The ignorant inhabitants regarded the apparatus with terror and dismay, and gave it the name of the *heretical rod*. On the 10th April, 1777, however, a heavy discharge of lightning, which struck the tower, was safely carried downwards by the conductor, without injuring even the gilded ornaments near which it passed; and after this experience of its value, the good Catholics of Sienna became reconciled to the new heresy of science. In the year 1772, Signor Beccaria applied conductors to the principal roofs of the royal palace of Turin, which had previously suffered much damage from lightning; and though since that time frequently menaced by thunderstorms, it has never suffered from them.

The attention of the public, in various parts of the continent, was not practically directed to the subject of conductors till some striking accident made them the subject of general discussion. A remarkable case of this kind occurred in French Flanders in 1774. On the 24th February, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, a portentous cloud passed to the north-west of the city of Arras, and emitted some feeble claps of thunder. On the following day it struck two spires, one at the abbey of Hennin-Lietard and the other at Rouvroi. M. Buissart of Arras, having had occasion some months afterwards to be at Rouvroi, examined minutely the track of the lightning, and the effects which it produced, and he has clearly shown that the spire of Rouvroi was damaged by the *ascending or returning stroke* of the lightning. The two spires, which, according to the testimony of several credible witnesses, it struck at the same instant, were less than a league distant from each other. The weathercock of the spire of Rouvroi was carried away by the stroke and thrown about 260 yards to the east, while that of Hennin-Lietard remained in its place, and no trace of an ascending stroke was observed in this spire. In the case of Rouvroi, the whole pavement under the spire was *lifted up*, and three or four stones of the tower were damaged on that side, which would not have been touched had the progress of the lightning been downwards.

Another very curious and instructive case has been described by M. Lichtenberg, on the authority of Ingenhousz.* At the country-seat of Count Orsini of Rosenberg, in Carinthia, the spire of a church, built on a mountain, had been on many occasions struck with lightning; and so very frequently and with such loss of life, that during summer divine service was not performed in the church. In 1730 the spire was entirely demolished by lightning, and after it was rebuilt it was struck four or five times every year. In the same thunderstorm, the lightning fell upon it no fewer than *ten* times, and afterwards in 1778 it was *five* times struck with lightning. The fifth stroke, on this occasion, was so violent that the spire began to give way, and Count Orsini was obliged to take it down. It was rebuilt a third time, and protected with a pointed conductor; and up to 1783, when Lichtenberg writes, it had received no injury in thunderstorms. The lightning had struck it only once, and its electricity was carried off without even fusing the sharp point of the conductor.

Another interesting example of the value of conductors occurred at Glougau in Silesia, in May, 1782. About eight o'clock in the evening of the 8th, a thunderstorm from the west approached the powder magazine established in the Galdnuburg. A brilliant flash of lightning took place, accompanied with such a dreadful crash of thunder that the sentinel was stupefied, and was for a while senseless. Some laborers employed at the works of the fortress, and about 250 paces from the magazine, saw the lightning issue from the cloud and strike the point of the conductor. This case of successful protection forms a remarkable contrast with others, in which, from the want of conductors, dreadful explosions and loss of life have ensued. A large quantity of gunpowder, belonging to the Republic of Venice, had been deposited in the vaults of the church of St. Nazaire at Brescia. The tower of the church was struck with lightning in August, 1767; the electric fluid descended to the vaults and exploded above 207,600 pounds of gunpowder. *About three thousand persons perished by this catastrophe*, and nearly one sixth of the fine city of Brescia was destroyed. Owing to the same want of protection, a magazine of 400 barrels of gunpowder was blown up in Sumatra in 1782, by an electrical discharge; and at Luxembourg, in 1807, a magazine with twelve tons of gunpowder was exploded by lightning, and the lower part of the town laid in ruins.

But while facts such as these indicated the value of thunder-rods, cases frequently occurred where the thunderbolt fell upon objects in low situations, while higher objects in their immediate vicinity were spared; and in such cases it was always inferred that the theory of conductors was in fault. M. Achard, in a Memoir read to the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, mentions two cases of this kind. In one of them, the two objects were equally good conductors of electricity. In the other, the elevated object which escaped, was the tower of a church surmounted by a weathercock of iron; while the object which the lightning struck was a cottage very near the tower without any iron on its roof, and thatched with straw. But though cases of this kind, which M. Achard confesses himself unable to reconcile with the theory of conductors, prevented their general in-

* *Vermischte Schriften*, p. 160.

trodition, as it does in our own day, yet in almost all the larger cities of Europe and America, thunder-rods were gradually employed for the protection of powder magazines and elevated public buildings.

So early as the year 1762, Dr. Watson addressed a letter to Lord Anson, then first lord of the admiralty, recommending the application of lightning conductors to the royal navy. These conductors were composed of long links of copper rod, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, joined by small eyes turned in the extremities of each. The chains thus formed were attached to a hempen line, and, being fixed to the head of the mast, passed over the ship's side into the sea. Each of his majesty's ships was supplied with a conductor of this kind. It was packed up in a box, and was only to be erected on the approach of a storm. These conductors, however, though capable of protecting ships from lightning which fall upon the mast to which they were properly attached, never proved efficacious. The erection of them was often neglected; they were frequently out of order; and many cases occurred in which the sailors were killed by the lightning while in the act of raising the conducting chain to its place. From these causes the conductors introduced by Lord Anson fell into disuse; and the British navy may be considered as having been exposed during the last seventy years to the ravages of the most tremendous of the elements. Its ships have been severely disabled or set on fire, its seamen have been struck dead at the mast foot; and there is reason to believe that many of the ships lost in thunderstorms have suffered from the want of a suitable protection against lightning. The journals of the East India Company's ships "furnish appalling statements of the damage and loss of life caused by electrical explosions;" and our mercantile marine has suffered to an equal extent; some vessels having been rent to the keel by an electrical discharge, others set on fire and shattered, and some scarcely saved from sinking or from total destruction. "Within a few years," as Mr. Harris remarks, "the merchant ships *Tanjore*, *Poland*, *Logan*, *Ruthelia*, *Bolivar*, *Boston*, *Lydia*, and *Sir Walter Scott*, are known to have been entirely consumed." The following facts, drawn from the official journals deposited at the admiralty, will afford a better idea of the damage done by lightning to her majesty's ships.

"In one hundred and fifty cases," says Mr. Harris, "the majority of which occurred between 1799 and 1815, nearly one hundred lower masts of line-of-battle ships and frigates, with a corresponding number of topmasts, together with various stores, were wholly or partially destroyed. One ship in eight was set on fire in some part of the rigging or sails; upwards of seventy seamen were killed, and one hundred and thirty-three wounded, exclusive of nineteen cases in which the number of wounded is returned as "many," or "several." In one tenth of these cases fourteen ships were completely disabled, and they were compelled in many instances to leave their stations, and that too, at a critical period of our history. The expenditure in these few cases could not have been far short of £100,000 sterling; so that, if the whole amount of loss to the public in men, in money, and in services of ships, could be ascertained, it would prove to be enormous, more especially when we take into account the expense of the detention and refit of the damaged vessels, the

average cost of a single line-of-battle ship being £100 per day and upwards. Now, between the years 1809 and 1815, a period of six years, fully thirty sail of the line and fifteen frigates were more or less disabled.

"A very considerable portion of this mass of destruction occurred, it is true, at a time when a great number of ships were required; but at a more recent period, in time of peace, when the navy has been greatly reduced, we find a large amount of these casualties to be constantly occurring. On the Mediterranean station alone, between 1838 and 1840, the *Rodney*, *Powerful*, *Ceylon*, *Tribune*, *Scorpion*, *Wasp*, *Tyne*, and *Blazer* were struck by lightning, and many of them severely damaged. The *Rodney*, in addition to the destruction of her mainmast, was set on fire. In little more than twelve months, about the year 1830, three line-of-battle ships, a frigate, and a brig, were also more or less disabled. In other parts of the world we have lately had the *Rhadamanthus*, *Gorgon*, *Snake*, *Racehorse*, *Pique*, and many others, damaged by lightning; and in 1832, the *Southampton*, of fifty guns, narrowly escaped being blown up in the Downs."—(Preface, p. 7-9.)

After the application of conductors to the British navy had almost fallen into disuse in England, other nations began to use them to protect their ships of war and commerce. The Republic of Venice, by a decree of the 30th July, 1778, ordered conductors to be applied to all their ships and powder magazines. We do not know the exact time when the French government took the same precaution, or the exact method of protection which they employed; but about 1784, M. Le Roi visited the seaports of France for the purpose of applying improved conductors to all departments of the navy. In order to make them more permanent, "he proposed to lead links of copper, joined by intermediate rings, in divided stages along the rigging, fixing each stage to the successive masts, one over the other, and finally to the copper in the ship's bottom." The ships *l'Etoile*, *Astrolabe*, *Resolution*, *Experiment*, and *Boussole* are thus equipped; but as the chains did not stand the working of the rigging, he at last "led them along by the mast," and in many thunderstorms they seem to have been effective. So recently, however, as 1821, wires twisted like cordage were applied to French ships along the rigging, from the vane rod to the ship's side, where they were connected with a plate reaching to the sea, as had been proposed by M. Le Roi."

One of the first individuals whose attention was drawn to the imperfect state of ship conductors, was the late William Lord Napier. This active and highly intelligent naval officer, whose too early fate his country has had occasion to bewail, had, when at sea, witnessed several accidents from lightning. He was on board his Majesty's ship *Kent* of seventy-four guns, off Toulon, in the month of July, 1811, when her main and mizen masts were shattered by lightning from her truck downwards.* "Furling," says his lordship, "the maintop-gallant sails, the fludd, deviating

* Mr. Harris, in his account of this disaster, states that the conductor had been taken down from the mainmast for repair, having been damaged by the working of the mast and rigging. He informs us, also, on the authority of the *Report of Evidence on Shipwreck by Lightning*, (p. 92,) that several men on this occasion lost their lives.

partially, killed one, and scorched three or four others then upon the yard. *Had there been a conductor up at that time,*" he adds, *"these brave men might have been saved; but it does not actually follow that the mizen-mast would have been equally secure."* Hence he concludes that, in order to secure the masts and booms, *a conductor should be attached to each,* "which would comprise in all an additional quantity of gear not reconcilable to the trim and gallant order of a British man-of-war." The following observations by his lordship point out the insufficiency of the conductors then employed; the want of regulations enforcing the use of them; and the propriety of an inquiry into the amount of loss sustained by lightning at sea, and the circumstances under which it had been sustained:

"This apparatus (the usual chain conductor) is of course attached to the maintop-gallant mast-head, as being the most lofty; but it does not follow that the lightning is to strike in that direction, having once had the dreadful opportunity of witnessing, with my eyes fixed upon them at the moment, not less than *fifteen* most valuable men, all upon the bowsprit and jib-boom, killed or dreadfully scorched, as it were in the 'twinkling of an eye.' Some were precipitated into the water, and others lying dead across the boom, continued in the posture they had assumed before the accident took place. This happened on board a seventy-four at Port-Mahon, at a time when all her yards were manned in the operation of furling sails. It does not accord with my recollection whether her conductor was in use or not; but if any real dependence is to be placed on such a contrivance, it appears probable that *one* only is insufficient.

"There are, however, opposite opinions as to the merit of this apparatus, as well as of the propriety of its being used at all; and I do not remember, in spite of repeated accidents, that either the board of admiralty, or those great seamen and commanders of the Mediterranean fleet, Lords Nelson, Collingwood and Exmouth, ever did enforce any general regulation on the subject.

"A conductor at the maintop-gallant mast-head can only be looked upon as an agent more powerful than the mast itself; but by no means calculated positively to draw within its own influence every portion of electric matter which may have come first in contact, or in near appulse, with any other point; and although the mast-head is almost invariably the first to suffer, yet it is within my own knowledge, though I was not actually present, that several men, in the act of withdrawing their washed clothes from the *main rigging*, were killed and scorched by the descent of the electric fluid.

"It would be not only curious, but useful to ascertain, if possible, the following circumstances: 1. How many ships have been struck with lightning, out of a given number, in a given time? 2. What has been the loss of lives, the extent of damage, and the *expense of repairs*? 3. How many of these ships were habitually in the practice of using conductors? and 4. Did any of the ships, having them in use, suffer from the effects of lightning, and in what manner?"

These valuable observations and suggestions Lord Napier was, in 1823, advised to communicate to the public; and it must be peculiarly gratifying to the friends of this modest and unassuming, but well-informed, nobleman, to find that they have, to a great extent, been carried into effect.*

* Mr. G. J. Singer appears (*Elements of Electricity*,

Without any knowledge of Lord Napier's views, Mr. Harris had been directing his attention to this important practical application of his electrical knowledge; and, so early as 1820, he submitted to the lords of the admiralty, through the comptroller of the navy, a proposal to "make the masts themselves virtually lightning-conductors, by incorporating with them a double set of copper plates, in such a way as to produce an elastic metallic line along their surface, capable of resisting any strain which the spars themselves could support; and finally, to connect these plates with bands of copper, leading through the keels and keelson, and including all the principal metallic masses in the hull."

This proposal attracted little notice, perhaps as being beyond the comprehension of the persons to whom the government of the navy of Great Britain was entrusted. Mr. Harris, however, and his scientific friends, influenced by a love of science, as well as by a regard for human life, continued to press his invention upon a reluctant board; and after a favorable report by a committee of the Royal Society, and a siege of nearly nine years, the admiralty was induced, chiefly through the instrumentality of Sir T. Byam Martin and Sir George Cockburn, to make trial of Mr. H.'s conductors. They accordingly, after 1830, fitted up above *thirty* ships, with pointed conductors fixed in all their masts, which were stationed in the Mediterranean, the East Indies, at the Cape of Good Hope, and the coast of Africa; in South America, in North America, and the West Indies; and in the Channel, and on general service. These ships have been exposed to severe thunder-storms; and though heavy discharges of electricity have fallen upon them, yet in no instance, between 1829 and 1842, have they experienced any damage or inconvenience. One of them, furnished with Mr. Harris' conductors, the *Dryad* frigate, was, in 1830, when off the coast of Africa, struck by lightning in a tornado. "The discharge fell on both the fore and main masts with a loud whizzing sound, and the ship appeared enveloped in flames." In other cases, such as that of the *Asia* and *Druid* frigates, struck in 1831 and 1832, the electrical explosion passed safely along the conductors into the sea.

During the same period in which these *thirty* ships have been protected by their lightning-conductors, about *forty-one*, not similarly defended, are known to have been struck and injured. We may, therefore, consider this great experiment as establishing beyond a doubt the practical value of Mr. Harris' system of protection. The admiralty, however, still declined to introduce these conductors into the navy, as a necessary part of the equipment of each ship of war. A line-of-battle ship has been valued at £120,000, and yet £100

published in 1814, Part. III., chap. i., pp. 225-6,) to have entertained similar views. "Conductors," says he, "for ships have been made of chains, (which are highly improper,) and of copper wires, which are easily attached, but they are with equal ease detached; and I have been informed by several captains, that many ships, furnished with such conductors, keep them in an *inactive state, packed up below, during long and hazardous voyages*. For this reason, it would be better that fixed conductors should be employed: they might, I should conceive, be attached to the mast, and where motion is required, an interruption might be made in the inflexible conductor, and its parts be connected together by a length of spiral wire, which would be at once perfectly continuous, and sufficiently flexible to yield to every necessary movement."

was grudging for defending this noble and costly machine, and protecting the lives of the many hundreds of brave and skilful men employed in, and necessary to its uses!

In 1839, however, a great step was made in the promotion of this desirable object. Lord Eliot had the honor of bringing the subject before the House of Commons in the month of April; and, after a short discussion, it was agreed to appoint a naval commission to inquire into the best method of applying conductors to our ships of war. This commission was composed of men of science, naval officers, and other qualified persons; and, after a careful investigation, they drew up a very valuable report on the subject, full of useful evidence, both oral and documentary. The report was laid on the table of the House of Commons, and in February, 1840, ordered to be printed. It contains much important information, and establishes, beyond all question, the propriety of supplying every vessel with suitable conductors. "Every search," says the report, "has been made for cases of injury sustained by ships fitted with (Mr. Harris') conductors, and though several statements to that effect have been brought under our notice, *not one* has been substantiated."

In the very year before the appointment of this commission, the East India Company had been led to believe, upon most erroneous representations, made to them by some of their officers, that buildings furnished with conductors were more frequently struck with lightning than those which had no such protection; and, on the faith of these representations, they actually ordered the lightning-conductors to be removed from their powder-magazines, and other buildings! This took place in 1838; and, as if to give them a practical example of their folly, one of their powder-magazines at Dum Dum, and a corning-house at Mazagon, were struck with lightning and blown up. It is not difficult to understand how an ignorant and superstitious observer should regard a conductor as inviting or attracting the dangerous element into his dwelling, when, if allowed to take its own way, it might have remained in its thunder-cloud, or pursued a different path; but when a series of well authenticated cases, within the reach as well as the apprehension of ordinary men, clearly establish the general fact, that buildings which had been frequently damaged by lightning, never experienced any of its effects after they had been properly protected; and that ships with conductors defy the thunderbolts even of the tropical regions, it must be superstition and not knowledge, that refuses to receive their aid. There are thunderbolts, doubtless, which pursue their determined course, and strike a building even in the vicinity of its conductors; but this very fact, while it proves the inability of the conductors to divert the fire-ball from its course, proves also their inability to attract or invite the meteor. In place of being active instruments which drive or draw the lightning into their substance, they are but passive fire-drains which afford it a free and hospitable channel—carrying it off slowly and silently when it is slowly and silently evolved, or allowing it to rush along when this is the shortest and readiest passage to the unchained and accumulated electricity. "Such conductors," as Mr. Harris well observes, "can no more be said to attract or invite a discharge of lightning, than a *water-course* can be said to attract the water which flows through it at the time of heavy rain."

The naval commissioners deemed it proper to dispel, by means of facts, the vulgar prejudice that conductors attract to themselves lightning, which, had they been absent, would not have been elicited. They state, "that the instances of accidents to ships *without conductors*, and the comparatively rare occurrence of lightning being observed to *strike on a conductor*, negative the above supposition." The instances, too, of ships without conductors, having been struck by lightning in the presence of ships furnished with them, which were not so struck, are so numerous, that we have the most complete evidence both "of the little influence excited by such conductors in inducing or attracting an explosive discharge, and of their efficacy in harmlessly and imperceptibly conveying away electricity to the water."

The commissioners conclude this interesting report with the following words.—"We again beg to state our UNANIMOUS opinion of the great advantages possessed by Mr. Harris' conductors *above every other plan*; affording permanent security, at all times and under all circumstances, against the injurious effects of lightning; *effecting this protection without any nautical inconvenience or scientific objection whatever*, and we therefore most earnestly recommend their general adoption in the royal navy."

One would have thought that Mr. Harris' difficulties were now over. A Royal Society committee—nay, an Admiralty commission, acting under the authority of Parliament, had, with one voice, recommended his conductors; and yet some counter-influence was at work, striving to resist authority as well as to subvert truth. All the ships fitted up with the new conductors had returned safe, and uninjured by the thunderbolts to which they had been exposed, yet, when these ships were paid off, the conductors were torn from the spars and thrown aside as old copper, instead of being replaced in other ships! This summary and practical rejection of the new conductors happened, we are sorry to say, under a whig administration, when Sir James Graham was first lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Harris, however, renewed his application when Lord Minto was placed at the head of that board, and had it not been for the defective state of our finances, his plans would, we believe, have been instantly adopted. Although Lord Minto could not, in the then state of the treasury, press the introduction of an improvement involving a considerable expenditure, he freely acknowledged the value of the invention; and ordered the conductors to be replaced in some of the large class ships. In order to save expense, we presume, "the plan was (most improperly) taken entirely out of the hands of the inventor;" and about the same time a sort of cheap modification of it by a Mr. Edye, patronized by the surveyor of the navy, was ordered to be submitted to trial. The commission, however, decided against its adoption; and in 1842 the Admiralty may be said to have been *compelled* to save the British navy from lightning. Mr. Harris' plans were adopted; he was allowed to superintend their execution; and his conductors are now constructed in a cheap, expeditious, and effectual manner in all her Majesty's dockyards.

Having thus given our readers some account of the ancient and modern history of lightning-conductors, and of Mr. Harris' successful attempt to introduce his new system of protection into the British navy, we shall now proceed to give a popular account of the nature of thunderstorms; and

a brief description of the best method of defending buildings and ships against their destructive assaults.

The production of free electricity during the conversion of water into vapor or steam is so rapid and abundant, that an apparatus called the hydro-electric machine has been recently constructed, in which the electricity is derived from steam. The earth's atmosphere is, therefore, in reality, a huge hydro-electric apparatus, by which free electricity is constantly generated during the conversion of water into vapor; and the electricity thus liberated is increased or modified by the condensation of vapor into rain, by its congelation in the form of hail or snow, and by the sudden variations of temperature with which these changes are accompanied.*

Atmospheric air, and all dry gases, are very perfect non-conductors or insulators of electricity; and hence when a cloud or mass of vapor, charged with free electricity, floats in the atmosphere, its electricity is not carried off, or conducted to the earth, by the air which is interposed. The cloud, therefore retains its electricity in virtue of the insulating medium which surrounds it; but when its quantity becomes great, it induces an electric state opposite to its own in the particles of the air, making them *negative* when it is *positive*, and *positive* when it is *negative*; just as a loadstone or magnet produces by induction in a bar of soft iron, *boreal* magnetism in one half, and *austral* magnetism in the other. The particles of the air in this state are said by Dr. Faraday to be polarized; and the consequence of this state is, that the earth's surface finally assumes an electrical state opposite to that of the cloud. The cloud, therefore, the air and the earth, are all in an unnatural or constrained state; and the tendency of the two electricities to unite, is a force which, when it becomes irresistible, terminates in what Dr. Faraday calls a disruptive discharge. The free electricity of the cloud rushes to the earth, acting principally on the bodies through which it passes; or, what is not uncommon, the free electricity of the earth passes into the cloud, and both of these violent discharges is accompanied with the well-known phenomena of thunder and lightning.

This sudden interchange of powers is often prevented or modified by local causes. If the electrified cloud and the insulating medium are not in a state of extreme constraint, and if a pointed metallic rod projects into the medium, a discharge of electricity will take place from the particles of air touching the metallic point, and a beautiful brush of light will be produced, accompanied with a rushing noise. The whole electricity of the cloud may thus be quietly carried off, and a disruptive discharge completely prevented.

The very same phenomena take place when one charged cloud induces an opposite state in another cloud, through the intermedium of the air; and there is reason to believe, as maintained by Beccari, that more complex discharges take place between "such" distant clouds when the earth lies between them in the line of discharge.

The following account of a thunderstorm in the Gulf Stream, is a very instructive illustration of the preceding views. It was given by a passenger on board the splendid packet-ship *New York*, which was damaged by lightning on the 19th of April, 1827, on her voyage to Liverpool:—

* If Dr. Faraday be correct in ascribing the electricity in the hydro-electric machine to the friction of the escaping steam, these views will admit of some modification.

"About half past five in the morning, we were roused by a sound like the report of heavy cannon close to our ears. From the deck the word was quickly passed that the ship had been struck by lightning, and was on fire. Every one ran on deck; there, all the elements were in violent commotion; it had been broad day, but so dark, so dense, and close upon us were the clouds, that they produced almost the obscurity of night. There was just sufficient light to give a bold relief to every object in the appalling scene. The rain poured down in torrents, mingled with hailstones as large as *Liberts*: these lay upon the deck nearly an inch thick. Overhead blazed the lightning on all sides, accompanied by simultaneous reports; the sea ran mountains high, and the ship was tossed rapidly from one sea to another. One appearance was peculiarly remarkable: the temperature of the sea was 74 deg. Fahrenheit, while that of the air was only 48 deg. This caused, by evaporation and condensation, immense clouds of vapor, which, ascending in columns all around us, exhibited the appearance of innumerable pillars supporting a massive canopy of clouds. In all directions might be seen waterspouts, which, rising fearfully to the clouds, seemed actually to present to the eye a combination of all the elements for the destruction of everything on the face of the deep."—(p. 54.)

This storm has been instanced by Mr. Harris as a case of stationary disturbance of electrical equilibrium; but there are various other types of a thunderstorm arising from the motion of clouds. The following is an instance of "a charged cloud driven by an upper current upon a comparatively tranquil air, possibly in a polarized state." His Majesty's frigate *Clorinde* was damaged by lightning on the coast of Ceylon in the spring of 1813. Captain Briggs gives this account of it:—

"The weather was moderate. About three in the afternoon a dark cloud approached the ship from the windward quarter. This induced me to clue up the topsails. About an hour afterwards the ship was struck by lightning. The cloud was charged with electricity, and had burst upon the ship. The mainmast was shivered in pieces; three men were killed, and many hurt."—(p. 60.)

When highly electrified clouds are passing over the earth's surface, "we may," says Mr. Harris, "trace in their progress deliberate discharges of a passing kind, few in number, in some instances not extending beyond one or two." Such thunderstorms, if they deserve the name, bear scarcely any relation to those wide-spread disturbances of the atmosphere which pass over a great extent of country, destroying life and property in their career. In these cases, the atmosphere appears to receive an intense charge of electricity from the electrified masses of clouds, as they are hurried along by the wind.

"Such storms," says Mr. Harris, "have been observed to pass from the southern shores of England to the north of Scotland and Ireland. A thunderstorm of this kind occurred in July, 1827. It began on the S. W. coast of Devonshire on Sunday evening, reached Cheltenham the same night, and Glasgow the next morning, the atmosphere throughout this extent appearing to undergo a rapid and progressive change."—(p. 62.)

We have already alluded to the case of a thunderstorm produced by the distant and oppositely electrified masses of clouds and air, in which "the surface of the earth becomes involved as a line of discharge between them;" but as this case is only

a hypothetical one, we must refer the reader to Mr. Harris' brief notice of it.

The *returning stroke*, discovered by Lord Stanhope, and which has been considered as finely exemplified in the case of the spire of Rouvroui, (see p. 458,) is still beset with difficulties. The example given of it by his lordship occurred in Scotland, and has been described by Mr. Brydone in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1787, to which we must refer the reader.

There is another class of thunderstorms, of an exceedingly interesting nature, to which Mr. Harris has not directed his attention in this work, from the circumstance, no doubt, of their leading character being that of the hurricane and the tornado. We have previously* treated of the statistics and philosophy of this class of storms, and have described many of the principal electrical phenomena which accompany them. In the Barbadoes hurricane of the 18th and 19th August, 1831, these phenomena were so awfully grand in their nature, and so new and inexplicable in their character,† that it would be desirable to study the electrical separately from the mechanical phenomena of such hurricanes, and endeavor to obtain some general explanation of them. The meteors and lightning which accompany the gales of the East and West Indies have been overlooked amid the appalling dangers of the tempest, and in very few of the Mauritius gales, except in that of the *Boyne* in 1835, have the electrical phenomena been at all observed. So trivial, indeed, is the part which thunder and lightning plays in these tremendous convulsions of nature, that at Montego Bay, in the hurricane of the 3d October, 1780, when an earthquake added its awful contingent to the general horrors of the scene, the "prodigious flashes of lightning," which followed in regular succession, were regarded, not as a source of danger, but as "a real blessing, amid the midnight darkness which brooded over the general desolation."

Our limits will not allow us to pursue this interesting subject further; and we must therefore devote our few remaining pages to a brief notice of the best method of protecting buildings from lightning, and of Mr. Harris' system of conductors for ships.

Were our houses, powder-magazines, and ships, built of iron, or did they consist of a framework of iron, filled up with stone, brick, or wood, they might bid defiance to the ravages of accidental or wilful fire as well as to all the lightning of the tropics. Strike where it might, the deadly fluid would be conducted quietly to the ground. In the mean time, however, we must have recourse to a less perfect system of protection, till advancing knowledge and receding prejudice shall have introduced iron buildings and iron ships, as well as iron ploughs, iron roads, and iron bridges.

As the conducting powers of *lead, tin, iron, zinc, and copper*, are as the Nos. 1—2—3—4—4 and 12, copper is the best material for conducting-rods. The quantity of metal in the rod should not be less than what is contained in a cylinder *half an inch* in diameter. If *iron* is used, the cylinder should be nearly *an inch* and two tenths in diameter. The metallic rod should be flattened rather than round, so as to have the greatest surface that is consistent with strength. The conductor thus formed should communicate with all the detached masses of metal

in the building, such as leaden ridges, gutters, and metallic pipes. It should be placed as near the wall as possible, and pass directly into the ground. It should be attached to the most elevated point of the building, and if the structure is to consist of numerous ranges, such as the new Houses of Parliament,* long pointed rods should project from the most prominent parts into the atmosphere.

In place of adopting the usual method of external conductors, we would recommend the introduction of a vertical iron bar into the thickness of the principal walls of the building. These bars should communicate with a horizontal wall plate of iron uniting the whole; and from this wall plate should rise all the external conductors which are to project into the atmosphere. These iron plates and bars might be so united as to form a sort of carpentry, which would add to the strength of the edifice.†

The protection of ships from lightning is more difficult to accomplish than that of buildings; and we have no hesitation in saying that the method invented by Mr. Harris far surpasses all others, and completely fulfils all the objects of its application. These conductors consist of parallel plates of copper, about *two tenths* of an inch thick, from one and a half to five inches wide, and four feet long. They are placed in a shallow groove, ploughed out of the after side of each mast, and are fixed there by short copper nails. The plates are inserted in the groove in a double series in contact, so that the joints of the plates of one series are opposite to the middle of the plates of the other series; and this series of plates is so turned over the heads of their respective spars, and also round the termination of the mast in the step on the keelson, that a continuous metallic line is maintained, notwithstanding the sliding or even removal of the spars. From the bottom of the masts, the metallic plates extend to the copper sheathing of the ship, and all the metallic bands terminate in the sea, by bolts clenched on the copper sheathing. When a ship is thus defended, it is at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, secure against the attacks of lightning. The conductors are always where they ought to be, independent of the officers and the crew. When the top-masts or topgallant-masts are partially lowered, the continuity of the metallic line is kept up, although the inferior part of the conductor of the lowered mast is thrown out of its place. The system of protection, indeed, is fixed and permanent, notwithstanding the change of position or even the removal of the movable or sliding masts.

In order to exhibit more fully and distinctly the national value of this system of protection, Mr. Harris has just published an interesting pamphlet,‡ in which he has detailed the damage done by lightning to 210 ships of the British Navy. Of these, 133 occurred in time of war, between

* We earnestly hope that this splendid national structure, which is to be adorned internally by the genius of our artists, will be protected externally by the science of our philosophers. We fear, however, that the expression of this hope is not sufficiently early to enable the architect to embody a system of metallic conductors in the very walls of the edifice.

† Bell wires and metallic pipes for water and gas, in modern houses, require to be carefully connected with the principal conductors. Without this precaution, they are rifles directed against the lives of the inhabitants.

‡ *The Meteorology of Thunderstorms, with a History of the Effects of Lightning on 210 ships of the British Navy.* 1844.

* See this journal, January, 1839, Vol. LXVIII., p. 406.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 418, 419.

1793 and 1816, when 69 ships of the line, 49 frigates, and 32 sloops were disabled; and 55 in peace, when 8 sail of the line, 14 frigates, and 32 sloops suffered. In estimating the loss sustained by these vessels, Mr. Harris finds it to be about £125,000; or about £10,000 annually in war, and £2,500 in time of peace. Now it is a matter of fact, established by the official journals of the navy, that not one of the vessels fitted with Mr. Harris' conductors suffered the slightest injury from lightning; and we must therefore regard his plan of protection as producing a saving to the country, of £10,000 per annum in time of war, and £2,500 in time of peace; without attempting to estimate the loss sustained by our commercial marine, or presuming to appraise human suffering, or to put a value upon human life. The man who thus protects the national property—who adds strength and security to the national bulwarks, and saves the lives of the brave men to whose guardianship they are entrusted—is well entitled to be viewed as a national benefactor, and as having earned the noble praise that he served his species whilst serving his country. Yet true it is, as we believe, that he has not received any special reward for labors attended with such ever-enduring and beneficent results—prolonged as these labors have been through nearly half a century.

We would not, by any means, wish to be understood as ready to espouse any claim for recompense that might be preferred, on the ground merely of some considerable addition having been made to the existing sum of scientific knowledge. But the case where the labors of a life have been devoted to, and realized in, a discovery or plan productive of results most precious to the interests of the empire and of humanity, and evidently incapable of being adequately compensated but through the intervention of the state receiving the benefit, is one which presents itself under a very different aspect; and we humbly conceive that the case before us is of this description. We are quite aware that Lord Melbourne, before leaving office, judiciously bestowed upon Mr. Harris a scientific pension of £300 a-year which had become vacant; but this, we must presume, was conferred, not as a remuneration for a particular invention or service, but as a distinction due to general eminence in science, and shared with others similarly honored. It would, therefore, be but a just and becoming exercise of public beneficence, were a proper compensation awarded to Mr. Harris for the time, labor, and anxieties consumed and endured, in maturing, and energetically prosecuting the adoption of a system of protection so vastly beneficial to the nation and to mankind.

A Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, Obsolete Phrases, and Ancient Customs, from the Fourteenth Century. By JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq., F. R. S. Part 1. Russell Smith.

THIS is a most useful as well as a most arduous undertaking, and it will not be creditable to the class of readers it is designed for, if it should fail to obtain an adequate support. When complete, it is to form a key to the writings of our ancient poets, dramatists, and other authors, "whose works abound with allusions of which explanations are not to be found in the ordinary books of reference." The class to which it mainly appeals therefore, is of those who have occasion to study

or refer to the works of our old writers,—now a large one, and daily increasing.

The plan is to avoid as much as possible the discussion of subjects that would be interesting only to the professed etymologist. A good plan: etymology being of course not excluded, but merely made subservient to explanation. Archaisms will form the principal substance of the work, and we see, by the example of this first part, to what a large and valuable extent Mr. Halliwell will derive his illustrations from early inedited manuscripts and rare books.

We take two instances of this and of the nicety and fulness of his information in the smallest points essential to his subject.

ALE-STAKE. A stake set up before an ale-house, by way of sign. Speght explained it a *maypole*, and hence have arisen a host of stupid blunders; but the ale-stake was also called the *maypole*, without reference to the festive pole. See Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatorie*, p. 56. Grosse gives *ale-post* as a term for a *maypole*. See his *Class. Diet. Vulg. Song.* in v. and supra. Palsgrave, f. 17, translates it by "*le moy d'une taverne*." From Dekker's *Wonderful Yere*, 1603, quoted by Brand, it appears that a bush was frequently placed at the top of the ale-stake. See *Bush*. Hence may be explained the lines of Chaucer:

A garlond had he sette upon his hede,
As gret as it werin for an *ale-stake*.

Urry's ed., p. 6.

Which have been erroneously interpreted in Warton's *Hist. Engl. Poets*, i. 56. But the bush was afterwards less naturally applied, for Kennett tells us "the coronated frame of wood hung out as the sign at taverns is called a *bush*." See his *Glossary*, 1816, p. 35. Cf. Hawkins' *Engl. Dram.* i. 109: Chaucer, *Cant. T.* 12255; *Reliq. Antiq.* i. 14; Hampson's *Calend.* i. 281; Skelton's *Works*, i. 320.

She is an *ale-stake* gay and fresh,
Half hir body she had away e-gif.

MS. Laud. 416, f. 56.

For lyke as thee jolye ale-house
Is always known by the good *ale-stake*,
So are proude jelots sone perceaved, to,
By theyr proude foly, and wanton gate.

Bansley's Treatise, p. 4.

ANHANSE. To raise; to advance; to exalt.
The holi rode was i-founde, as ze witeth, in
May
And *anhansed* was in Septembre, the holi rode
day.

MS. Ashmole 43. f. 68.

Hye nou to *anhansy* us alle, ane y nelle nozt
be byhynde.

Rob. Glouc. p. 198.

And of my fortune, sooth it is certeyne
That wondir smartly hath sche me *anhaunsid*.
Boetius MS. Soc. Antiq. 134, f. 293.

For ech man that him *anhanset* here.
I-lowed he schal beo.

MS. Laud. 108, f. 2.

The mete that thei ete ys alle forlore.

On the galwys they schold *anhaunse*.

MS. Cantab. Ff. i. 6, f. 135.

But should not the later forms of this word have been given?

We are glad to find that Mr. Halliwell has a fair original collection of provincialisms in store; and we shall watch with interest the progress of his work.—*Examiner*.

From the Spectator.

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER is here again, looking exactly as it used to do two hundred years ago. Clouds hang over and fogs hug the earth; a thick, monotonous soaking rain comes down incessantly; the grass-plats are speckled over with pimples of brown earth; the roads are yard-deep with mud, and arrest the wheels of drays and wagons. Men mope and shiver; and, to make matters worse, tell each other stories of signs of a hard winter—of stormy petrels or woodcocks seen before their time—of snow fallen prematurely on the highlands.

The maimed solemnities of the fifth of November, divested of all political importance, now only serve to mark how much more hardy or how much more wayward the courtly circles of England have grown within two hundred years. A gun-powder-plot of the nineteenth century would require to choose a day in February for its explosion. But parliament in the days of Guy Fawkes, as now, met at the season which best suited the convenience of the great ones of the earth. In those old times, the gay world had winged its way like a flock of sea-mews seeking shelter from storms far inland, away from the inclemency of the bare drenched groves to "towered cities" and "the busy hum of men." Their descendants brave the dead season of the year in their country-mansions. The ruder sex may find a compensation for this deferring of the genial warmth of the winter amusements of town, in the excitement which makes them take pleasure in "a beautiful hunting morning," when "it rains, it snows, it hails, it blows;" but their gentler mates must heave many a sigh for the climate of crowded routs and balls, as they glance their eyes with a timid shiver across the flowerless parterre.

But though the "élite"—as they are called, or fancy themselves—thus wilfully invert the order of nature, which teaches even birds to congregate into flocks when the dull season approaches, "the hum of men" is heard in the crowded city, which they affect to call "empty" till they and their friends return to it. Ay, and "bright eyes rain influence;" and

— "gorgeous Tragedy
In stately pall comes sweeping by."

The proud Londoners do not wait for the coming of the Westenders to begin their winter revels. Mince-pies come in with Lord Mayor's day, and do well enough to flirt and trifle with till the day dawns which ushers in the substantial beauties of the Christmas plum-pudding. There is much junketing among the hearty citizens before the final exclusives come to share their mirth. And if a stray queen—for majesty no more than managing directors or heads of firms can contrive to make one long holiday of the fine season—seeking to prolong her summer-dream of solitude, attempts to steal *incog.* to a theatre, the robustious knaves remind her unceremoniously, that one of the duties of the crown is to make itself a sight for its dutiful but somewhat prying subjects.

It is indeed not easy to say whether the regal office be more nearly akin to the daily and termly drudgery of the citizen or to the gayer life of those who live for their own pleasure. In one sense the sovereign is the apex of the gaudy pyramid of state; but in another the sovereign is like the

judge left in town during vacation to take charge of the routine business which knows no intermission. The sign-manual must be adhibited during summer as well as at other times: the queen is the head of the working-classes as well as of the aristocracy. And, like the industrious citizens to whose tastes this unintermitting toil may be supposed to assimilate hers, the sovereign is evidently impatient for the recommencement of the snug pleasures of winter. Her stolen visit to the play is one symptom: another is her eagerness to find, like Milton, "now that the fields are dun and ways are mire," some place where friends in social converse may "help waste a sullen day"—the eagerness which has made her scour so blithely, with a speed beyond that of witch's broomstick, to share in the "gossip's bowl" at the christening of the noble scion of the house of Cecil. The Laureate hath declared, in prose if not in verse, that the beauties of mountain-scenery, if at all impaired by the touch of winter, are less so than the leafy charms of a campaign district. His royal mistress seems scarcely of this opinion; for she rambles among the Grampians in summer, and skirts the "low fat Bedford level" in the dull month of November, with its soaking rains falling thick around her.

"The dull month of November!"—ah, the butterfly denizens of sunnier climes, who first so christened it, little know the snug mirth which Englishmen can make to nestle under its gray blanket! Many a lightsome space for social mirth is excavated out of its darkness. And of late years the region of brightness, whatever croakers may say, appears to be extending. November used to be described as the month in which Englishmen hanged and drowned themselves; but that great experimental philosopher Sir Peter Laurie has discovered a preservative from the suicidal propensity. In 1841, as Sir Peter the other day proclaimed at Guildhall with justifiable pride, attempts at self-destruction by drowning were alarmingly on the increase: the philosophical magistrate tried the experiment of committing for trial the persons brought before him charged with this offence; and successfully—the attempts to commit suicide by drowning, which in September and October had amounted to 23, fell off in November and December to two. Sir Peter vanquished the blue devils in their own especial month.

From the St. Louis Reveille.

A BRAG BOAT AND A BRAG CAPTAIN.

Does any one remember the Caravan? She was what would be now considered a slow boat; then, 1827, she was regularly advertised as the "fast running," &c. Her regular trips from New Orleans to Natchez were usually made in from six to eight days; a trip made by her in five days was considered remarkable. A voyage from New Orleans to Vicksburg and back, including stoppages, generally entitled the officers and crew to a month's wages. Whether the Caravan ever achieved the feat of a voyage to the falls, (Louisville,) I have never learned; if she did, she must have "had a time of it!"

It was my fate to take passage in this boat. The captain was a good-natured, easy-going man, careful of the comfort of his passengers, and exceedingly fond of the *game of brag*. [It must be recollected that the incidents here related took

place seventeen years ago. Within the last ten years, although I have travelled on hundreds of boats, *I have not seen an officer of a boat play a card.*] We had been out a little more than five days, and we were in hopes of seeing the bluffs of Natchez on the next day. Our wood was getting low, and the night was coming on. The pilot on duty *above*, (the other pilot held three aces at the time, and was just calling out the captain, who "went it strong" on three kings,) sent down word that the mate had reported the stock of wood reduced to half a cord. The worthy captain excused himself to the pilot whose watch was *below*, and the two passengers who made up the party, and hurried to the deck, where he soon discovered, by the land-marks, that we were about half a mile from a wood-yard, which he said was situate "right round yonder point." "But," muttered the captain, "I don't like much to take wood of the yeller faced old scoundrel who owns it—he always charges a quarter-dollar more than any one else; however, there's no other chance."

The boat was pushed to her utmost, and in a little less than an hour, when our fuel was about giving out, we made point, and our cables were out and fastened to trees, alongside with a good-sized wood-pile.

"Hollo, colonel! how d'ye sell your wood *this time*?"

A yellow-faced old gentleman, with a two-week's beard, strings over his shoulders holding up to his armpits a pair of copperas-colored linsey-woolsey pants, the legs of which reached a very little below the knee; shoes without stockings; a faded, broad-brimmed hat which had once been black, and a pipe in his mouth—casting a glance at the empty guards of our boat, and uttering a grunt as he rose from fastening our "spring line," answered—

"Why, capting, we must charge you *three and a quarter THIS time.*"

"The d—!" replied the captain—(captains did swear a little in those days)—"what's the odd *quarter* for, I should like to know! You only charged me three as I went down."

"Why, capting," drawled out the wood-merchant, with a sort of leer on his yellow countenance, which clearly indicated that his wood was as good as sold; "wood's riz since you went down two weeks ago, besides, you are aware that you very seldom stop going *down*; when you're going *up*, you're sometimes obliged to give me a call, because the current's against you, and there's no other wood yard for nine miles ahead; and if you happen to be nearly out of fuel, who,"—

"Well, well," interrupted the captain, "we'll take a few cords under the circumstances"—and he returned to his game of brag.

In about half an hour we felt the Caravan paddling again. Supper was over, and I retired to my upper berth, situated alongside and overlooking the brag-table, where the captain was deeply engaged, having now the other pilot as his principal opponent. We jogged on quietly, and seemed to be going at a good rate.

"How does that wood burn?" inquired the captain of the mate, who was looking on the game.

"T isn't of much account, I reckon," answered the mate, "it's cotton wood, and most of it green at that."

"Well Thompson, three aces again stranger—

I'll take that X, and the small change, if you please—it's your deal)—Thompson, I say, we'd better take three or four cords at the next wood-yard—it can't be more than six miles from here—two aces and a bragger, with the ace!—hand over those V's."

The game went on, and the paddles kept moving. At 11 o'clock, it was reported to the captain that we were nearing the wood-yard, the light being distinctly seen by the pilot who was on duty.

"Head her in shore, then, and take in six cords, if it's good—see to it, Thompson. I can't very well leave the game now—it's getting right warm—this pilot's beating us all to smash."

The wooding completed, we paddled on again. The captain seemed somewhat vexed, when the mate informed him that the price was the same as at the last wood-yard—three and a quarter; but soon again became interested in the game.

From my upper berth (there were no state-rooms then) I could observe the movements of the players. All the contention appeared to be between the captain and the pilots, (the latter personages took it turn and turn about, steering and playing brag,) one of them almost invariably winning, while the two passengers merely went through the ceremony of dealing, cutting, and paying up their "*anties.*" They were anxious to *learn the game*—and they *did* learn it! Once in a while, indeed, seeing they had two aces and a bragger, they would venture a bet of five or ten dollars, but they were always compelled to back out before the tremendous bragging of the captain or pilot—or if they *did* venture to "call out" on "two bullets and a bragger," they had the mortification to find one of the officers had the same kind of a hand, and were *more venerable*. Still, with all these disadvantages, they continued playing—they wanted to learn the game.

At two o'clock the captain asked the mate how we were getting on?

"Oh, pretty glibly, sir," replied the mate, "we can scarcely tell what headway we are making, for we are obliged to keep the middle of the river, and there is the shadow of a fog rising. The wood seems rather better than that we took in at yellow-face's, but we're nearly out again, and must be looking out for more. I saw a light just ahead on the right—shall we hail?"

"Yes, yes," replied the captain, "ring the bell, and ask 'em what's the price of wood up here?—I've got you again, here's double kings."

I heard the bell and the pilot's hail—"What's *your* price of wood?"

A youthful voice on the shore answered—

"Three and a quarter!"

"D—n it!" ejaculated the captain who had just lost the price of two cords to the pilot—the strangers suffering *some* at the same time—"three and a quarter again! Are we *never* to get to a cheaper country!—deal, sir, if you please—better luck next time."

The other pilot's voice was again heard upon deck—

"How much *have* you?"

"Only about ten cords, sir," was the reply of the youthful salesman.

The captain here told Thompson to take six cords, which would last till daylight—and again turned his attention to the game.

The pilots here changed places. *When did they sleep?*

Wood taken in, the Caravan again took her place in the middle of the stream, paddling on as usual.

Day at length dawned. The brag party broke up, and settlements were being made, during which operation the captain's bragging propensities were exercised in cracking up the speed of his boat, which, by his reckoning, must have made at least sixty miles, and *would* have made many more, if he could have procured good wood.

It appears the two passengers, in their first lesson, had incidentally lost one hundred and twenty dollars. The captain, as he rose to see about taking in some good wood, which he felt sure of obtaining, now he had got above the level country, winked at his opponent, the pilot with whom he had been on very bad terms during the progress of the game, and said, in an under tone—"Forty a-piece for you and I and James (the other pilot) is not bad for one night."

I had risen, and went out with the captain to enjoy a view of the bluffs. There was just fog enough to prevent the vision taking in more than sixty yards—so I was disappointed in my expectation. We were nearing the shore for the purpose of looking for wood, the banks being visible from the middle of the river.

"There it is!" exclaimed the captain, "stop her!"—Ding—ding—ding!—went the bell, and the captain hailed—

"Hollo! the wood-yard!"

"Hollo yourself!" answered a squeaking female voice, which came from a woman with a petticoat over her shoulders in place of a shawl.

"What's the price of wood?"

"I think you ought to know the price by this time," answered the old lady in the petticoat—"It's three and a qua-r-ter—and now you know it."

"Three and the d—I!" broke in the captain; "what, have you raised on your wood, too! I'll give you *three*, and not a cent more."

"Well," replied the petticoat, "here comes the old man—he'll talk to you!"

And, sure enough, out crept from the cottage the veritable faded hat, copper-colored pants, yellow countenance and two weeks' beard we had seen the night before, and the same voice we had heard regulating the price of cotton wood squeaked out the following sentence, accompanied by the same leer of the same yellow countenance—

"Why darn it all, capting, there is but three or four cords left, and *since it's you*, I don't care if I do let you have it for *three*, as you are a good customer."

After a quick glance at the landmarks around him, the captain bolted, and turned to take some rest.

The fact became apparent—the reader will probably have discovered it sometime since—that we had been wooding all night at the same wood-yard!

From the Spectator.

SAVINGS-BANKS IN FRANCE.

THE Paris *Siccle*, after stating that the Minister of Finance holds 100,000,000 francs for the purpose of repaying to that amount sums invested in the savings-banks, makes this remark—

"We protest in advance against the idea of rendering the repayment obligatory. Those who have deposited their cash in the savings-banks

are not ordinary creditors: they are men who, in an humble and often a necessitous situation, have increased by their labor the mass of capital which exists in the country. Such a meritorious class of citizens merits great consideration; and even should the state impose on itself sacrifices for their interest, no one has a right to complain or to regret it."

We trust that the apprehensions of the *Siccle*, not unmixed perhaps with a malicious wish to see state blundering, outrun the fact; for surely no sane minister can contemplate the measure here deprecated. The institution, borrowed from England, was almost forced on the French government. The first savings-bank was established in Paris in November, 1818, by certain private bankers, with the Duc De Larocheffoucauld-Liancourt at their head; but, looked upon askance by the government, the number of such banks in France at the time of the Revolution in 1830 was not more than ten. In England, where they began two years earlier than in France, they were greatly multiplied by 1830. The Revolution, however, favored the interests of the working classes, and the subsequent progress of savings-banks has in proportion exceeded that of England or Scotland. At present the aggregate deposits in France amount to 360,000,000 francs (10,440,000*l.*) Of that sum, according to the *Siccle*, 4,000,000*l.* is to be paid off; that is, deposits to that extent are to be returned and repulsed. It cannot be true. Although among the depositors are found very strange people—men of letters, artists, a peer's son, and others who might be expected to employ a different kind of bank—the accommodation seems to be used more completely by the needy classes, or even by the working classes, than is the case in England. If the interest, 4 per cent, is thought so high as to tempt an abuse of the convenience by persons of a class whose thrift needs no such state encouragement, as we have experienced in England, let the interest be lowered. It is not the precise amount of present returns that renders the savings-bank valuable, but the facility of making small deposits with security and the protection of saving for a long future.

It is no such suspicion, however, that suggests these apprehensions in France, but the well-known effect of political disturbance. Whenever Paris is in a state of "émeute," or even "agitated," the sensitive Parisians run to the savings-bank, and the withdrawals exceed the deposits. Still the deposits do go on; and it has been observed, that even those very persons who demanded their money, on being paid at once, were so struck with that practical proof of the obvious resources and stability of the institution, that they immediately replaced their deposits. As time goes on, confidence in the plan increases; and the habit of thrift, thus inculcated by the state, grows of vast importance. The possession of property may tend slowly to augment the power of the people, but at the same time it reconciles them to fixed order. It may be assumed as undoubted, that the general class of depositors are converted and gained to the love of order from the "classes dangereuses"—humble conservatives stationed among the disorderly masses—of them, holding their sympathies, but swayed by opposite motives. The more depositors there are in the state savings-banks, the greater the number of those "hommes du peuple" who have invested their all perhaps in the stability of the government.

It cannot, therefore, be meant peremptorily to diminish the number of depositors. We seek a solution of this reserve of funds by the finance minister in a statement that appeared not long ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, (from which most of the preceding statements of fact are borrowed,) that "a commission has very recently been formed, with the object of taking measures to provide against any disasters to which sudden and too considerable demands for reimbursement might lead." It has been proposed to legalize a delay of six weeks between demand and payment, in order to afford time for panic to cool: but practical men have rejected that notion, since experience has found that the best way to reassure the depositors who rush into the bank, pale and panting, is to show them their money. That is just it—they run to their great state cash-box, to see that their treasure is safe; and the best way to make them confide in the cash-box is to let them see their coin. The finance minister's reserve has most probably that purpose.

From the Examiner

The Library of Travel, being a Popular Description of Foreign Countries. Edited by WALTER K. KELLEY. With illustrations. *Egypt and Nubia.* By J. A. St. JOHN. Part II. Chapman and Hall.

MR. ST. JOHN has the highest qualifications for the work he has here in hand. He is a good classical scholar, and has been an adventurous eastern traveller.

He executes his task accordingly with great gusto: enlivening the various information to be found in books of eastern travel, with his own knowledge of the localities, and experience of the spirit of the east.

We take a passage, for example of his manner, on the

PRESS AND PARLIAMENT OF EGYPT.

"The printing-office close at hand, where the *Cairo Gazette*, in Arabic, is printed, is a small insignificant establishment, which would be nowhere remarkable but in such a country as Egypt. The press, the tympan, the galleys, the sticks, the balls, &c., were all of a very inferior description, and the forms appear to be made up in a slovenly way upon the press itself. There were but few compositors or pressmen at work, but they all seemed rather expert. The Arabic manuscripts from which they were composing, written on one side only, were such as European compositors rarely meet with—extremely legible, the lines being wide apart, and the interlineations and corrections very carefully made. The works which have issued from the press—generally history and poetry—have hitherto met with but little favor from the Arabs, whether the blame is to be attributed to their poverty or their want of taste. Mohammed Ali's authors meet with, in fact, but few buyers, so that the records of their labors, piled up in warehouses, are abandoned as a prey to the rats and mice, or to be decomposed slowly under the influence of the climate. The reason is obvious. No pains are taken to adapt the publications to the wants and predilections of the people, who care little to read histories which dare record no truth, if it happen to be displeasing to the Pasha, and who have little relish for poetry which derives its inspiration from a state of society which has no analogy with theirs.

"Having passed through the apartments where diplomatic scribes and secretaries were at work, we entered the council chamber, where we were introduced to the president, a merry old Turk, who laughed and chatted with amazing volubility. The council, of which he is the chief, consists of a number of individuals, public officers, and government clerks, who assemble daily for the despatch of business. This is what, in Europe, has been denominated the senate, or parliament of Egypt; but it is a parliament of a very extraordinary kind. When the Pasha has anything agreeable to do, he does it himself, without consulting this wretched assembly, which, he well knows, would not dare to entertain an opinion different from his; but when application is made to him for money, or some favor is demanded, which it might be inexpedient to grant and imprudent to refuse, he suddenly feels a high veneration for the authority of his council, refers the applicants to them, and while he imperiously directs their decisions, shifts off the odium upon their shoulders. Such is the parliament of Egypt."

An Egypto-parliamentary sketch of more lively exactness could not have come from even the author of *Eöthen*.

EÖTHEN.

MIGHT I but choose (out of our travelled bands)
Friend or companion, to make bright the way,
Or draw the grandeur out from Orient lands,
Where Libanus mounts up and meets the day,
Or where great Deserts slumber,—I would say
"The author of *Eöthen* shall be mine,
Who showeth ever (stern, or sad, or gay)
For all fine things an apprehension fine."

"T is brave to ride abroad on bounding waves;
To shoot the desert with the camel's haste;
To stand and muse beside those kingly graves
Which disrowned Egypt holds within her waste:
Yet, half the lustre of our life were hid,
Our travel idle, meditation nought,
Without such friend to give back thought for thought,
On sea and waste, mountain and pyramid!

Examiner.

MEXICO.

WE have later advices from Mexico. An infamous and horrible outrage had been committed in the town of Tobasco on the person of a French subject. A French sailor had been arrested by the alcalde of the town, and taken to prison. It is not stated why or for what he was arrested; but when in prison, he was asked if he was a Frenchman, and answered in the affirmative; he was immediately ordered to receive 200 lashes, attended by music; after which he was ordered to kiss the drummer's feet, and, on his refusal to do so, he was sentenced to receive 50 lashes more, and other indignities were committed upon his body too horrible to mention; after which he was released, having become a maniac through his dreadful sufferings. In consequence of this outrage the French consul had refused all intercourse with the authorities, and had forwarded despatches to his government respecting the treatment French citizens are subjected to in that department of Mexico. A French fleet was daily expected to arrive.

—Examiner.

From the Britannia.

The Crescent and the Cross; or, Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel. By ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq. 2 vols. Colburn.

IN literature and art we believe it to be true that "increase of appetite does grow by what 't is fed on." However familiar may be an attractive subject, we are never wearied by new illustrations of it. On the contrary, our general knowledge only predisposes us to regard with great favor the new impressions of intelligent minds. We are no more tired of the scenery of the Nile, of travel in the Desert, of the ruins of Baalbec, of wanderings in the Holy Land, (always supposing that the describer is clever,) than we are with fresh glances at masterpieces in sculpture and painting. Our enjoyment increases with our knowledge. This is a maxim the hunter after novelty may not comprehend, but it is essentially true. Every one who is candid acknowledges disappointment at the first view of St. Peter's, of the Sistine Chapel, of Raphael's cartoons; but what language has ever been able to express the admiration of that mind which has been taught and disciplined to perceive their beauties?

The analogy is not so distant as may be thought between an impression of the works of human genius and the works of God. Before we can acquire an interest in any land we must know something of its scenery, its history, its people, its boundaries. As these great characteristics open to us we learn to take an interest in minor details; and what has once riveted the attention becomes a part of the mind—a part of ourselves. We cannot if we would lose an interest in those countries with which we have made acquaintance, either by personal experience or book knowledge. The writer who pens this sentence, though he has been for so many years confined to the heart of London, and though he has never in his life passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, feels the most lively interest in all that passes on the shores of the Mediterranean. He looks with eagerness to the news from Egypt and Syria. Though he has read most of the descriptions of Jerusalem, from Tasso downwards, he can find something new and attractive in the accounts of every modern tourist, and regards it as one of the greatest enjoyments he can know to read—the term is proper, though applied to pictorial representation—the masterly sketches of Roberts, and those illustrative descriptions by Dr. Croly, as full of poetry as of truth. Yet he can find much that is new, and nothing but what is pleasing, in Mr. Warburton's residence at Jerusalem and his tour of the surrounding country; and so with his travel through lands and cities whose very names awake a throng of associations, and bring to the imagination a multitude of pictures.

A more agreeable companion than this author we rarely meet with—we mean, not for his ability alone, but for his nature. The disposition of a

writer, especially of a tourist, has much to do with the enjoyment to be derived from his book. There are some persons who will only look through glasses *coulour-de-rose*, to suit their fantastic sentiment; others who will have them darkened, to accord with their gloomy and sombre thoughts; others who will have them yellow, to match a jaundiced disposition; and others green, that all creation may wear the sickly and faded hue of their mind. Mr. Warburton is one who sees with the strong clear vision with which Heaven has endowed him, but with his view of present scenes and material objects there is always blended recollections of the past, and something—though dashed in unconsciously—of poetic feeling. He brings to his work of observation an accomplished mind and well-trained and healthful faculties. As we read we are proud to claim him as a countryman, and are content that his book shall go over all the world, that other countries from it may derive a just impression of our national character. He pretends only to describe the surface of what he saw, but how admirably is that surface pictured! If there be a shade distinct from nature in his colors, it is, perhaps, that they are too warm; yet we hold that in travellers this is a merit rather than a fault.

His route is easily marked. He went in a steamer to Alexandria; sailed up the Nile beyond the second cataract, and inspected those wonders of barbarian art in Nubia, whose origin is lost in their antiquity; visited the great cities and monuments of Egypt; then crossed to Beyrout, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and on his homeward voyage touched at Cyprus and Greece. For such a tour he tells us, made with all the convenience that can be desired, £50 per month will cover all the expenses if the traveller goes alone; but, if he has one or more companions, his expenses will be considerably decreased. Starting in the *Oriental* steamer on the 3d of October, you may be a thousand miles in the heart of Africa on the 1st of December, "without more exertion than is necessary to step on board a boat," and may make the whole tour in time to return to England, and hear the first notes of the merle and mavis, having escaped all the gloom and fog of an English winter. The prospect is so tempting that we are afraid a tax on absentees will soon become necessary.

Besides the descriptions of travel, we have here chapters devoted to the illustration of particular subjects, as "The Arab and his Horse," "The Jew," "Woman," "The Valley of the Nile," "Antiquities of Nubia," &c. These chapters are of a high degree of merit. In a rapid view the author presents us with the leading characteristics of a class or a district, with such illustrative anecdotes and details as complete the impression he desires to produce, and leave the reader nothing to desire. These chapters alone would make an admirable volume.

We begin our extracts with some sketches in Egypt. One of the most painful realities that meets the traveller's eye is

THE SLAVE-MARKETS AT ALEXANDRIA.

I went to visit the slave-markets, one of which is held without the city, in the courtyard of a deserted mosque. I was received by a mild-looking Nubian, with a large white turban wreathed over his swarthy brows, and a bernoose, or cloak, of white and brown striped hair-cloth, strapped round his loins. He rose and laid down his pipe as I entered, and led me in silence to inspect his stock. I found about thirty girls scattered in groups about an inner court. The gate was open, but there seemed no thought of escape. Where could they go, poor things? "The world was not their friend, or the world's law." Some of them were grinding millet between two stones; some were kneading the flour into bread; some were chatting in the sunshine; some sleeping in the shade. One or two looked sad and lonely enough, until their gloomy countenances were lighted up with hope—the hope of being bought! Their faces were, for the most part, woefully blank; not with the blankness of pleasure, but of intelligence; and many wore an awfully animal expression. Yet there were several figures of exquisite symmetry among them, which, had they been indeed the bronze statues they resembled, would have attracted the admiration of thousands, and would have been valued at twenty times the price that was set upon these immortal beings. Their proprietor showed them off as a horse-dealer does his cattle, examining their teeth, removing their body-clothes, and exhibiting their paces. He asked only from twenty-five to thirty pounds sterling for the best and comeliest of them. The Abyssinians are the most prized of the African slaves, from their superior gentleness and intelligence; those of the Galla country are the most numerous and hardy. The former have well-shaped heads, beautiful eyes, an agreeable brown color, and shining smooth black tresses. The latter have low foreheads, crisp hair, sooty complexions, thick lips, and projecting jaws.

It is like the change from night to morning to pass from these dingy crowds to the white slaves from Georgia and Circassia. It is not without considerable difficulty that admission is obtained into this department of the human bazaars, as its commodities are only purchased by wealthy and powerful Moslems; and, when purchased, are destined to form part of the female aristocracy of Cairo.

These fetch from one, two, three, or even five hundred pounds, and, being so much more valuable than the Africans, are much more carefully tended. They reclined upon carpets, richly but lightly clad. Some were smoking; some chatting merrily together; some sitting in a dreamy languor. All their attitudes were very graceful, as seems necessarily the case when well-formed women are left to themselves, and grouped upon a floor.

They were, for the most part, exquisitely fair; but I was disappointed in their beauty. The sunny hair and heaven-blue eyes, that in England produce such an angel-like and intellectual effect, seemed to me here mere flax and beads; and I left them to the "turbaned Turk" without a sigh—except, perhaps, a very little one, for those far

away in mine own land, whose image they served, however faintly, to recall.

Seduced by the sentimentality of Mr. Milnes—it is a characteristic of the Young England men to despise all ideas of freedom, and to deny the happiness that springs from it—our author in one place doubts if we ought justly to pity

THE CONDITION OF WOMAN IN MAHOMMEDAN COUNTRIES.

Born and brought up in the harem, women never seem to pine at its imprisonment; like cage-born birds, they sing among their bars, and discover in their aviaries a thousand little pleasures invisible to eyes that have a wider range. There are no literary ladies; knowing not the thoughts of others, they associate the more with their own; and who can tell what wild and beautiful regions of imagination their minds may wander through, unimprisoned, if undirected by education? To them, in their calm seclusion, the strifes of the battling world come softened and almost hushed; they only hear the far-off murmur of life's stormy sea, and, if their human lot dooms them to their cares, they are as transient as those of childhood.

Once as I was passing through the secluded suburbs of Cairo, I found myself near one of the principal harems. I paused by the dull, dark wall, over which the palm-tree waved, and the scent of flowers and the bubbling of fountains stole; and there I listened to the sweet laughter of the Odaliskes within. This was broken by snatches of untaught song, to which the merry unseen band joined chorus, and kept time by clapping hands, on which their jewelled bracelets tinkled. It was a music of most merry mirth; and, as I pictured to myself the gay group within, I wondered whether they deserved that pity of their European sisters which they so little appreciate. An English lady, visiting an Odaliske, inquired what pleasure her profusion of rich ornaments could afford, as no person except her husband was ever to behold them. "And for whom," replied the fair barbarian, "do you adorn yourself? is it for other men?"

But his honest English nature and steady good sense soon get the better of those fantastic notions, and we have some vigorous and well-expressed observations on

THE DEGRADATION OF WOMAN AS A SLAVE.

The Egyptian has no home; at least, in the English sense of that sacred word; his sons are only half brothers, and generally at enmity with each other; his daughters are transplanted, while yet children, into some other harem; and his wives, when their beauty is gone by, are frequently divorced without a cause, to make room for some younger rival. The result is, that the Egyptian is a sensualist and a slave, and only fit to be a subject in what prophecy long since foretold his country should become—"the basest of kingdoms."

The women have all the insipidity of children, without their innocent or sparkling freshness. Their beauty, voluptuous and soulless, appeals only to the senses; it has none of that pure and ennobling influence

"That made us what we are—the great, the free—And bade earth bow to England's chivalry."

The Moslem purchases his wife as he does his

horse; he laughs at the idea of honor and of love; the armed eunuch and the close-barred window are the only safeguards of virtue that he relies on. Every luxury lavished on the Odalisque is linked with some precaution, like the iron fruit and flowers in the madhouse at Naples, that seemed to smile round those whom they imprison. Nor is it for her own sake, but that of her master, that woman is supplied with every luxury that wealth can procure. As we gild our aviaries and fill them with exotics native to our foreign birds, in order that their song may be sweet and their plumage bright, so the King of Babylon built the Hanging-gardens for the mountain girl, who pined and lost her beauty among the level plains of the Euphrates. The Egyptian is quite satisfied if his Nourmahal be in "good condition;" mindless himself, what has he to do with mind!

And thus woman lives and dies, as if she were indeed the mere animal his miserable creed would make her. Utterly uncultivated, her education limited to staining her eyes with kohl, and her fingers with henna, the Egyptian girl's mind wanders, like the river Shannon, "at its own sweet will;" and, between human nature and the conversation of the old Jezabels who haunt the harems, the result is not very favorable. I grieve to say it, but I am credibly informed that a denizen of Billingsgate would be rather startled at the copiousness and strength of expression, and the knowledge of human nature, that flows from the rosy lips of these Haidees and Zuleikas. Then they become mothers, these wife-children, and the education of their offspring is entirely their work. Whence can these poor children learn those lessons of honor, truth, and faith, which should seem to be intuitive, being heard with the first intelligence of the young heart? Woman, degraded herself, most unconsciously avenges her degradation upon man by sending him forth to the world without one manly thought.

Many of the author's sketches are perfect as pictures. We have here a delightful representation of

THE LADY OF THE HAREM.

The lady of the Harem, couched gracefully on a rich Persian carpet, strewn with soft pillowy cushions, is as rich a picture as admiration ever gazed on. Her eyes, if not as dangerous to the heart as those of our country, where the sunshine of intellect gleams through a heaven of blue, are, nevertheless, perfect in their kind—and at least as dangerous to the senses. Languid, yet full, brimful, of life; dark, yet very lustrous; liquid, yet clear as stars; they are compared by their poets to the shape of the almond, and the bright timidity of gazelle's. The face is delicately oval, and its shape is set off by the rich red and purple and golden turban, the most becoming headdress in the world. The long, black, silken tresses are braided from the forehead, and hang wavily on each side of the face; behind they fall in a glossy cataract, sparkling with little golden drops, such as might have glittered on Danaë when she came forth from her shower-bath. A light tunic of pink or pale blue crape is covered with a long silk robe, open at the bosom, and buttoned thence downward to the delicately slippered little feet, that peep daintily from beneath the full silken trousers. Round the loins, rather than the waist, a cashmere shawl is loosely wrapt as a girdle, and

an embroidered jacket, or a large silk robe, with loose, open sleeves, completes the costume. Nor is the water-pipe, with its long variegated serpent, and its jewelled mouth piece, any detraction from the portrait. Picture to yourself one of Eve's brightest daughters, in Eve's own loving land. The woman-dealer has found among the mountains that perfection in living woman which Praxiteles scarcely realized, when inspired fancy wrought out its ideal in marble. Silken scarfs, as richly colored and as airy as the rainbow, wreath her round, from the snowy brow to the finely rounded limbs, half buried in billowy cushions; the attitude is the very poetry of repose; languid, it may be, but glowing life is thrilling beneath that flower-soft exterior, from the varying cheek and flashing eye to the henna-dyed taper fingers that capriciously play with the rosary of beads. The blaze of sunshine is round her kiosk, but she sits in the softened shadow so dear to the painter's eye. And so she dreams away the warm hours in such a calm of thought within, and sight or sound without, that she almost starts when the gold fish gleams in the fountain, or the breeze-ruffled roses shed blossoms on her bosom.

The author does not at all touch on religious topics, and his testimony is, therefore, perhaps, the more valuable to the

GREAT USEFULNESS OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SCHOOLS AT ALEXANDRIA.

Mr. Kruse and Mr. Lieder have made persevering and exemplary efforts in their calling, and, as they have brought greater energies and abilities to the task than most other missionaries, their labors have been proportionably more successful.

There were about ninety boys at the school when I visited it; an ugly ophthalmic set they were, dressed in blue shirts and red caps. But a far deeper interest than mere eyesight could receive was excited by the contemplation of these poor children, bending with Arab eagerness over the books, whence they were allowed to imbibe truth for the first and, perhaps, for the last time in their lives.

They acquire the first rudiments of knowledge, as also the creed, and the Lord's Prayer, by chanting in chorus, as in our infant schools.

At twelve o'clock, a bell rang, and all the little swarthy creatures, rushing out into the courtyard, ranged themselves on benches to receive their dinner from the charity of the Church Missionary Society. I wished the London sight-seers could look upon this little congregation, educated and nourished, and reclaimed from misery and ignorance by the active charity of those who, although 3,000 miles away in their own happy and favored land, do not forget the claims of these poor brethren upon their sympathy and their assistance.

These schools of Cairo afford altogether a very cheerful aspect to an English eye; and it is a gratifying duty to bear this impartial testimony to their utility and good conduct. Attached to the schools is a neat chapel, wherein the service of our church is performed. The congregation was very small, compared with the number of English at Cairo. The latter seem to succumb, for the most part, to the fatal influence of this voluptuous climate, and, with some admirable exceptions, do little credit to the proud character of their country.

While at Alexandria the author resolved to

make trial of those magic powers which have excited so much attention in England, and therefore summoned to his presence the most renowned of the magicians.

THE SHEIKH MAUGRABEE.

Through the kindness of our consul, I procured a visit from him one evening. He was rather a majestic-looking old man, though he required the imposing effect of his long grey beard and white turban to counteract the disagreeable expression of his little twinkling eyes. I had a pipe and coffee served to him, and he discoursed without reserve upon the subject of his art, in which he offered to instruct me. After some time, a boy of about twelve years old was brought in, and the performance began. He took the child's right hand in his, and described a square figure on its palm, on which he wrote some Arabic characters; while this was drying, he wrote upon a piece of paper an invocation to his familiar spirits, which he burnt with some frankincense in a brazier at his feet. For a moment, a white cloud of fragrant smoke enveloped him and the cowering child who sat before him, but it had entirely dissipated before the phantasms made their appearance. Then, taking the boy's hand in his, he poured some ink into the hollow of it, and began to mutter rapidly; his countenance assumed an appearance of intense anxiety, and the perspiration stood upon his brow; occasionally he ceased his incantations, to inquire if the boy saw anything; and, being answered in the negative, he went on more vehemently than before. Meanwhile, the little Arab gazed on the inky globule in his hand with an eager and fascinated look, and at length exclaimed, "I see them now!" Being asked what he saw, he described a man sweeping with a brush, soldiers, a camp, and, lastly, the sultan. The magician desired him to call for flags, and he described several, of various colors, as coming to his call. When a red flag made its appearance, the magician said the charm was complete, and that we might call for whom we pleased. Sir Henry Hardinge was the first person called for; and, after some seconds' delay, the boy exclaimed, "He is here!" He described him as a little man in a black dress, white cravat, and yellow (perhaps grey) hair. I asked if he had both *legs*. Alas! he declared he had only one. I then asked for Lord E——n. He described him as a very fine, *long* man, with green glass over his eyes, dressed in black, and always bending forward. I then asked for Lablache, who appeared as a little, young man, with a straw hat. The Venus de Medici represented herself as a young lady, with a bonnet and green veil, and the boy was turned out.

We then got an intelligent little negro slave belonging to the house. The magician did not seem to like him much, but went through all the former proceedings over again, during which the actors formed a very picturesque group; the anxious magician, with his long yellow robes; the black child, with his red tarboosh, white tunic, glittering teeth, and bead-like eyes, gazing earnestly on his dark little hand. The dragoman held a candle, whose light shone vividly on the child, the old man, and his own fine figure; his black beard and moustache contrasting well with those of the hoary necromancer, as did his blue and crimson dress with the pale drapery of the other. Picturesqueness, however, was the only result. The

boy insisted that he could see nothing, though his startling eyeballs showed how anxiously he strove to do so. The hour was so late that no other boys were to be found; and so the seance broke up.

When he was gone, I asked my dragoman, Mahmoud (who had been dragoman to Lord Prudhoe during both his visits to Egypt,) what he thought of the magician. He said, he considered him rather a humbug than otherwise; but added, that there was certainly *something* in it. He said not only did Lord Prudhoe believe in the magic, but Mrs. L——, a most enterprising traveller, whom he had once attended, had the ink put into her own hand, and that she clearly saw the man with the brush, the soldiers, and the camp, though she could see no more. He told me that the people of Cairo believed the Sheikh had made a league with the "genti a basso," and that he himself believed him to be anything but a santon. A friend of mine at Alexandria said, that he knew an Englishman who had learnt the art, and practised it with success; and a lady mentioned to me that a young female friend of hers had tried the experiment and had been so terrified by the first apparition that she had fainted, and could not be induced to try it again.

The ascent of the Nile beyond the second cataract is a very interesting portion of this work. But at present we must stop. We shall return to these volumes again. They are full of just perception and spirited detail. They greatly increase our acquaintance with Eastern scenes, and to the traveller about to make the same tour afford a variety of information which he could hardly elsewhere find in so compact and interesting a shape.

VIOLINS.—A sale has been concluded at Cremorne house, Chelsea, of a variety of articles made use of at the different public entertainments offered there by the Baron de Berenger. Among the lot were two violins, one made by Maximilian Zacher in the year 1752, and the other by Jacobus Stainer in 1650. The auctioneer stated that there were many instances of violins by these unrivalled masters producing considerable sums, and he alluded to the singular terms of sale of one to Count Trantmandorf, Master of the Horse to Charles VI., who, after paying down a large sum of money, agreed to pay a certain number of dollars a month till his death, which, with other gifts, amounted to between 8,000 and 9,000 dollars, or about £660. The same violin is now in the possession of an eminent musician. The Stainer violin was sold for 55 guineas, the first offer being 25 guineas. The Zacher violin was knocked down for 30 guineas.

FRENCH COIN.—The *Débats* has a very long article on the state of the coinage in France, which it says is disgraceful to the country, and of a nature to encourage the operations of the false coiners. There is so great a difference in the weight and value of five-franc pieces, as turned out from the Mint, that, by combining them according to the difference of standard and the quantity of silver in some of them, two bags, each of 200, may be made up, which, on being put into a scale and weighed against each other, will show a difference of from forty to fifty francs. The *Débats* speaks highly of the coinage in England.

Handwritten notes at the top of the page, including "cost" and "2,200".

cost 2,200
1/2 3,600